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PROF. ELLIOT COUES.

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HARPER ILLS. SYN. COLSON

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

REMARKABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL
EXPERIENCE OF A MICHIGAN
PIONEER AND RAIL-
ROAD BUILDER.

By G. B. Stebbins.

The following narrative I noted down carefully when it was related to me at his house over 20 years ago by Henry Willis of Battle Creek, whom I had known for years; a man of frank integrity, uncommon energy in business, clear and vigorous intellect, practical sagacity, firm and strong nerve and fine physical health. He came from Pennsylvania to oversee the building of the Michigan Central railroad, under state authority, from Detroit to Ypsilanti; has been well known since; and enjoyed good health as a result of his Quaker temperance for 80 years.

Mathias W. Baldwin was the first locomotive builder in America, and gave name to the great locomotive works of Baldwin & Co. in Philadelphia. He was an old friend of Mr. Willis. I give the words of Henry Willis as given to me at his house. He had seldom told this strange story. He said:

"In July, 1838, M. W. Baldwin of Philadelphia came with me to Detroit, intending to start a branch locomotive building shop on Cass Wharf on river front. We remained nearly three weeks in Detroit together. I was at that time engaged to build a railroad from Kalamazoo to Allegan, of which Sydney Ketchum of Marshall was president. I think it was on a Thursday morning I left my friend Baldwin for Allegan; he was to leave on a steamboat at 10 o'clock of the same day for Buffalo. As I passed through Marshall on Friday Ketchum requested me to go to Sandusky, Ohio, and purchase provisions for our railroad men, as there were none to be had on our route, the country being new. I came on and stopped at Battle Creek to visit. I grew very uneasy, and was often asked if I was unwell. Monday morning I went east with some friends in their carriage, and on Tuesday attended a Quaker meeting at Richard Glazier's, near Ann Arbor. My mind was much depressed, but I bore up and endeavored to be cheerful, and, after meeting, left for Sandusky in company with friends living near Adrian. At Tecumseh I stopped to take the stage, and paid my fare to Sandusky. The stage drove up within 15 or 20 feet of the door of the hotel. I handed the driver my carpet-bag; three passengers were inside, and as I put my foot on the step to get in, I felt a heavy blow on the back of my neck and the words 'Go to Detroit' were as audibly, but inwardly, heard as I ever heard anything. I turned to see who struck me; no one except the driver and passengers, all in front of me, was nearer than the hotel. I stood astonished, and the driver called out: 'Why don't you get aboard?' I said: 'Hand me my bag;' took it, and went to the landlord on the hotel steps, asking who struck me on the back of my neck.

"Standing here in the door I saw you give a bound as you put your foot on the stage step. I was looking directly at you. No one was near or

between us. What is the matter?' he asked.

"I replied: 'I must go to Detroit, but I can not imagine for what. I have no business there.' The stage for Detroit soon came. I mounted the seat with the driver, gave him fifty cents to drive fast, repeated it to the next driver and told him not to stop at the stage house in Ypsilanti, but to drive fast to the railroad. I felt as though I must fly to reach there, and soon saw a locomotive on the track. As I was told afterward, the engineer said to the fireman: 'Let us go; we can't find Willis.' The fireman saw the stage and called, 'Stop! Willis must be there,' jumped off and ran 300 feet to meet us. I knew him and asked: 'What on earth is the matter?' He answered: 'Mr. Baldwin fell down at the hotel two or three hours after you left. He greatly wants you with him. We have been out some days to find you. This morning when we left it was doubtful if he lived till night.' To Detroit as fast as the engine could go. I ran to the hotel where the Russell House now stands, and as I reached the head of the stairs the landlord and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Wales, Dr. Hurd and five or six of the servants were at the door. Dr. Hurd said, 'He is gone.' I pushed into the room, threw off my coat, and applied my hands over his head and down the sides of his face and neck as vigorously as I could for some five or six minutes, when he spoke: 'Henry, where have you been? where have I been? Oh, how much I have wanted you with me!' Dr. Hurd said, 'Well, if that is not bringing a man to life, what will?' This action of mine, like magnetizing, I can not account for. I never did it before or ever saw it done. He was in a trance or spasm, but not dead. Dr. Hurd told me his symptoms were those of a dying man. I remained seven weeks with him, never sleeping in all that time on a bed, except about four or five hours in Lewis Cass, Jr.'s room, when C. C. Trowbridge and August Porter relieved me one night. I took him home on a cot to his family in Philadelphia, he not having been able to sit up for some eight or nine weeks. I think it was in 1844 or 1845 I was at work in my nursery of fruit trees at Battle Creek, with my mind then, as it often had been, on this strange, and to me, unaccountable matter; how I was some sixty miles from Detroit, going directly away to the south, and on important business, and why I should have changed my course, and a voice said to me, 'The spirit of Baldwin's father was after you to go and save his son and take him to his family.' Down to this time I had never told a living being about this singular affair, not even Baldwin himself. From the moment that I was thus notified in my nursery why I went to Detroit I ceased to wonder, and was, and still am, convinced that there was an invisible power that followed me from the time I arrived at Battle Creek until I took Baldwin to his home. Spiritualism was not thought of at that time. I had never before been so singularly uneasy in my mind. The instant I took my carpet-bag from the driver at Tecumseh I felt a relief, but was exceedingly anxious to proceed to Detroit. We arrived at Ypsilanti two or

three hours before the time for the cars to leave for Detroit, hence the strangeness of my anxiety to get to the railroad, since I knew nothing of an engine being in waiting for me, nor did I think of an engine until we turned from Main street and saw it some eighty rods off. It is impossible for me to describe my feelings during four days and nights prior to my yielding to go to Detroit, nor did I even think of Baldwin, except to suppose he was on his way home. The instant I gave up to go I felt great relief, but was very anxious to be off as fast as possible."

These remarkable facts give, surely, abundant food for thought.

Detroit, Mich., May 23, 1899.

COMMENTS — WHAT, HOW AND WHENCE?

The central visible figure of these experiences, which are among the most remarkable, is a man of forceful vigor of mind and body, alive and busy, coming to Michigan on important business with the great locomotive building of his day; at ease in mind for a time, starting for Allegan, being asked to turn south to Ohio on other business, visiting his Quaker friends on the way, but oppressed by mental anxiety, without any known cause, but increasing until a voice says, "Go to Detroit"—the first sign of a guiding light. Then his mental trouble largely ceased, and in a sixty mile stage ride a strange haste, without reason, to reach Detroit, pushed him on, wishing "to fly" to see the city. The railroad fireman at Ypsilanti told him of the sore illness of Mathias W. Baldwin; he saved his life by magnetic treatment, of which he had never heard, watched him night and day for weeks, took him to his Philadelphia home most carefully, seeing dimly that all this impelling power led to his friend's healing, but how was still a mystery. Years after, thinking as he worked in his Michigan nursery of the whence, the how and the dimly possible who of this mystical and yet highly useful experience, a voice, inward yet audible, said: "The spirit of Baldwin's father was after you, to save him and take him to his family."

That voice cleared away the perplexity. He never doubted the invisible presence and power guiding him in natural yet wonderful ways. No human being had he told, not even M. W. Baldwin, until then, but from that hour, so long as they were in these mortal bodies, he was a welcome guest at the Baldwin home, and in business troubles an open hand and a free heart were never lacking to help onto solid ground.

His spiritual development was peculiar. First came trouble of mind, leading to that guiding word, "Go to Detroit." Thus opened his saving work, and the word from the spirit of Baldwin's father carried him up as fast as he could understand higher truths.

His stalwart anti-slavery fidelity and his Quaker obedience to "the light within" helped in this unfolding.

There was a useful aim in the aid of the spirit world. Not only for his family, but because his future career as a "great captain of industry," a just and kind man, would be helpful to the world, were his bodily life and health prolonged.

The locomotive works he founded are the largest in the world. Orders for forty-five locomotives for foreign lands are now being filled. Henry Willis, impulsive, even sometimes imperious, brought out richer qualities in the light of Spiritualism. So moves the world!

In an address delivered in 1898 before the Association of Engineers and Architects at Vienna (Austria), Karl

Wettgenstein, a German statistician, said: "The so-called Baldwin Locomotive Works at Philadelphia are capable of a weekly output of 21 engines, employ 5,000 men and pay an average of \$13 per man per week. As that average includes the juvenile hands the average per day for a grown man is \$2.50."

SPIRIT PRESENCE KNOWS NO LIMITS OF MOUNTAIN RANGE OR SEA.

I knew well for twenty years an English woman in an interior Michigan town, a person of clear judgment, large ability and religious integrity, and with excellent health of body to an advanced age. Her son, an upright and thoughtful young man, and herself, were the only occupants of their house, and both were quietly asleep at midnight, in 1847, or before the "Rochester rappings." She was awakened by footsteps, as of some one coming up stairs, and then came three strong and distinct raps on her door, repeated three times at brief intervals, and raps also on her bedstead and in other parts of her room in the air. She could not solve the matter, but thought it was her son, yet was not satisfied. At the same time three raps came on his door, and he rose, dressed, went to her room and sat by her bedside the rest of the night, talking of these strange occurrences. He feared it was ominous of evil, perhaps death, to her, and she had some shade of a like feeling in regard to him, but her strong mind lost no balance thereby. Some months after, a member of the family, not a Spiritualist, went to England and visited the home of her sister, who had died not long before. Her daughter says, "I want to tell you the strange thing that took place at mother's death;" and then told how that mother had talked of her sister in America a great deal, and had expressed a deep desire to see her once more and then depart in peace. As her end approached, she was insensible and so near lifeless, to appearance, that they all had doubts, as they sat around her, of her ever again opening her eyes or recognizing any one. This lasted nearly two hours, when she opened her eyes, rose, and sat up in her bed, and said in a clear strong voice, "I have been to America and seen my sister. I rapped, and rapped, and rapped, but I could not make her hear." She then lay back on her pillow and said, "Now I am through," closed her eyes and was gone in a moment. It was found that this was at the very day and hour when these raps were heard by that sister in Michigan, over three thousand miles from the English home of her ascending sister.

COMMENTS—JOHN WESLEY.

When that sister "just on the border of the spirit land" said, "I have been to America and seen my sister, and rapped, but could not make her hear," she must have meant "I could not make her feel my presence as a spirit, only hear strange noises without meaning."

The English parents of these sisters were devoted friends of John Wesley, and the aged and venerated Michigan woman who gave me the facts of these experiences loved much and remembered well the great Methodist pioneer. She said to me: "He knew and believed in spirit presence and power, just as Spiritualists do now."

He told of one Elizabeth Hobson, a pious young woman whom he knew well and held in high esteem. She told him: "From my childhood, when any of our neighbors died, whether men, women or children, I used to see them. I was not at all frightened, it

was so common. Indeed, many times I did not know they were dead. I saw many of them both by day and by night. Those who came in the dark brought light with them. I observed all little children, and many grown persons, had a bright and glorious light around them; but many had a dismal, gloomy light, and a dusk cloud over them. When I told my uncle this he did not seem at all surprised."

After relating many like experiences of this young woman and others, he said:

"What pretense have I to deny well-attested facts because I can not comprehend them? It is true most of the men of learning in Europe have given up all accounts of apparitions as mere old wives' fables. I am sorry for it, and I willingly take this opportunity of entering my solemn protest against it. They know that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits is admitted, the whole castle in the air (Atheism and Materialism) falls to the ground. . . . One of the capital objections to all these accounts, which I have known urged over and over, is this: 'Did you ever see an apparition yourself?' No; nor did I ever see a murder, yet I believe there is such a thing . . . yet the testimony of unexceptionable witnesses fully convinces me both of the one and the other. . . . With my latest breath will I bear my testimony against giving up to infidels one of the greatest proofs of the invisible world. I mean that of apparitions, confirmed by the testimony of all ages."

GILES B. SLEBBINS.

WE DIE TO LIVE.

The stage of life is not a dream;
On it no farce is played—
We live, we die, and it would seem,
That death had not been staid.

For the seal of death is never late
Its mission to fulfill;
Yet it but opens out the gate
To life eternal still.

Shall we the actors play for aught
And little comprehend
The lessons that our Savior taught
That life should have no end?

Shall we not see our own again?
Is death the end of life?
Shall we as actors suffer pain
Throughout this toil and strife?

The scene is set, the play is on;
We act our part, then die.
The spirit from the clay has flown
And dear ones left to sigh.

Yet life unconquered lives again—
From the ashes of the night
A spirit form comes back to men
To say that all is right.

That death for all begins at birth—
From birth we fight to live;
And death but comes to every hearth
Eternal life to give.

We die to live; through toll and strife
Let men make no mistake;
Our acts while on the stage of life
Our future homes doth make.

As Jesus taught so let us live
And guide ourselves aright,
That to our future we may give
A prospect that is bright.

—Charles P. Searles.

A SINKING SENSATION.

"I understand that you were in that elevator which fell ten stories the other day. How did you feel as it was going down?"

"Just as I feel when I get within sight of my home at night ten minutes late and suddenly remember that my wife wanted me to hustle out early as she had arranged for a dinner party"—Chicago News

Mistakes of the past should be made over into guideboards of the future.—H. A. Kendall.

A PECULIAR CHAIN OF FACTS.

Resources in Spirit Manifestations.

(By Lyman C. Howe.)

After the transition of our Maude we were in mental attitude to welcome every signal of her presence, and to invite communications and special evidence of her personality, and to give favorable conditions of mind for the inflow and downflow of spiritual truth. While many startling facts occur against the most obstinate resistance and determined skepticism, it is evident that much may be received through conditions of special welcome and mental fitness that could not be realized in an atmosphere of resistance or skeptical indifference. It is philosophical, too, that soon after the death change the spirit is in closer relations with all that has been associated with earth life, than it is after years of spiritual advancement and experience in higher spheres. It is borne out by many facts that within the first year or two after death, spirits more frequently and freely communicate upon our plane and show more evidence of sympathy with us than they do afterwards. Nevertheless, occasional visits, and definite messages, from those who have been many years in spirit life, attest their continued memory of Earth life, and wise affection for those they loved in the long ago. Within the first two years after Maude left us in "outer darkness" and desolation, her efforts to reach us in tangible ways and with definite evidence of her personality were frequent and conclusive. Through the agency of Anna L. Robinson—now Mrs. Gellispe—we received many remarkable tokens and messages, usually of a character to surprise us, and coming in unlooked for ways that preclude the theory of hypnotic suggestion or thought transference in the ordinary understanding of that theory.

The first camp season after her death we left the house alone for several weeks. I to serve at different camps, and Mrs. Howe to share the spiritual graces at Lily Dale and a two weeks' visit to her relatives in adjoining county. When again we came into the deserted home, for the first time since Maude left us, the loneliness and gloom were depressing and the great waves of sadness sobbed in the silence, and desolation brooded over all. The next morning it found expression in a flood of tears. As we gathered around the table for breakfast our emotions were too deep for words, and we could not eat. After a little I gathered strength and balance to speak, and I said aloud: "Maude, if you are near us and can hear my voice, please go to Mrs. Robinson at Port Huron and send us a message and refer to this occasion and our unusual sorrow, and tell us if you are cognizant of the situation and know our loneliness and grief." There were present in the house only three, Mrs. Howe, Herbert (Maude's boy) and myself. This request was not repeated. There was no correspondence passed between Mrs. Robinson and us within the two weeks that followed, when a letter from Mrs. R. contained these expressions, "Your daughter is often seen by me." * * * "She says O, how desolate it looked to them on their return home. And yet I was there. How silent! Still I was talking to them, and that morning, and why, if I could only have made myself known at the table. The strangest thing in this real life is its unreality to mortals."

A further message, very characteristic followed. But the special point I wish to make here is the definite reference to our return home, the desolate look, the painful silence, and that morning at the table, showing intelligence of the conditions and coming in

answer to my request, of which the medium could have known nothing. In April, 1897, I was at Port Huron and engaged a sitting with Mrs. Robinson. It was a cold time. I called at her house Monday to arrange and the sitting was fixed for that afternoon. Mrs. Robinson left me alone in the sitting room a few minutes. While she was out I thought of the prospect of getting a message from Maude, and planned to make a request when the time should come. I resolved to ask her, if she reported at the sitting, to give me some name, or names, or some fact, or facts, that she had never referred to, and such as no medium had ever given me, and which I was not thinking of or looking for, and something that I could verify. This plan was hastily thought over, but no request made, nor was my thought addressed to Maude, or any other person. It was simply planning in my own mind what I would do when the time arrived if Maude should announce herself. After perhaps 10 minutes Mrs. R. came in, and we talked of various things, and I arose and walked about the room to keep warm. After a few minutes Mrs. R. said: "There is an oldish man behind you, and he has been following you ever since you began to walk. He is about your height and carries an iron tube to indicate his business. He must have been a plumber or dealer in gas fixtures. He is anxious to say something to you. He wants you to know who he is." I wish he could tell me, I said. Presently she said "his first name was Alva." I studied, but could recall no one I ever knew by that name. Still there was a familiar sound in the name. Presently she said: "The first letter of his last name was C." But I could not think of any one by that name that I ever knew. She afterwards told me that when she saw the blank look of negation in my face she felt discouraged, and thought surely there must be a mistake and almost resolved not to follow it further. But finally she got it in full—Alva Colburn. If lightning had struck me my astonishment could not have been greater.

Certainly I knew Alva Colburn, and had done business with him for 25 years; but he was not a Spiritualist, and I never had any social relations with him, and he was about the last man I would expect to hear from as a spirit. After a recognition the medium said some one is here who feels greatly pleased. I sense a roguish delight, a sort of triumph, as if she had done something that amused and delighted her." I then told her what I had been thinking to do when Maude should come to me again. She had anticipated my request and answered it in advance. A half hour later I called, and she said another name came to her after I went out, and it was Crissey. Yes! there was such a man 20 years ago and he was in some way associated with Alva Colburn. Presently she said, "Maude says, 'Papa, it is not Mr. Crissey, but Mrs. Crissey, and she was Mr. Colburn's daughter.'" Again I was surprised. It might be so; but I doubted it. A few hours later, as we sat at the table at Mr. Danford's she said: "I hear Albert, Anna, Edwin, Louis, Allen and Harriet." Several of these I recognized as among my relatives. But the medium said: "Maude says Papa, you are all right, but I don't mean what you do. These names all belong to Mr. Colburn's family. They are all his children." I then felt morally certain she was wrong. I could not believe it possible that Mr. Colburn had seven children and I had never known of them. But she insisted it was so. On my arrival at home, a few weeks later, I ascertained that she was correct in every particular; and that Anna Colburn had been

Maude's schoolmate 20 years ago. Here was a complete answer to my thought, giving not only one, but eight, names that no medium had ever given me before, and such as I should not have expected, and most of them persons I had never known or heard of before. None of them had ever appeared in any Spiritual paper, and not more than one-fourth of them had ever been in any paper. The medium had never been in this town; and that it should follow so closely my mental plans, and so perfectly fulfill my wish, never expressed, appears to me a pretty strong case, not to be explained by trick, thought transference, or coincidence, nor by hypnotic suggestion, and illustrates the resources that some spirits have for meeting and cancelling our doubts and objections with evidence not anticipated. LYMAN C. HOWE.

THOUGHT RIPPLES.

Love is to endure.

Suffering injustice adds force to the soul.

The selfish man's philosophy is circumstantial.

Nature takes no promises of future betterment. We must pay in advance to obtain her grace.

When jealousy enthrones itself in the soul it so subtly controls that it appears to the owner as a righteous judge rather than an evil. In its blindness it interferes with the progress of others, prevents them from rising to a superior level, and generates a self-remorse that can only be removed as the damages done are repaired.

A. F. M.

WHAT OF LIFE'S HARVEST?

"Who shall be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven?"

Was asked of one long ago.
The answer was wise, but was met by surprise,
To think he dare humble them so.

Bless—owe no one—make no delay
To lend a helping hand
To the burden-bearer, sore oppressed,
Though he may in the mire stand.

Rescue him, for he is thy brother,
Traveling the same highway;
Though he fell among thieves and robbers,
His may have been an ill-fated day.

As for their birthright to this earth,
God gave to each the same.
Unfettered by earthly hoards or cares
Into this world they came.

But self-love raised a barrier high
Between one and another;
One was assigned an humble life,
As a servant to his greedy brother.

There are many now, as well as were then
Who opine that to them are given
A superior place in heaven and earth,
Though for naught have they e'er striven.

On arrogant bigots of lofty mien
We should pity, not envy, bestow,
Although they trample o'er the plodders
who toil,
Their masks must be left here below.

May the wisacre's folly be revealed to himself
By the light from that power above;
As was said by one of old, "He is far from the fold
Of Peace and Harmonious Love."

Saw one long ago a Book of Life,
Bearing seals as many as seven—
Book opens a seal before earth minds—
Bow of promise set in heaven.

Be tokens mandates forge no chains
Human souls to bind;
Burden-bearing and service robes
Belong by right to all mankind.

When this earthly journey ends,
And each lay down their oars,
No lordly claims can bear aloft
A soul, where the pure mind soars.

M. G. Tibbets.

THE DRIFT OF OUR TIME — By Prof. Frank Parsons. From warfare and mastery to co-operation and brotherhood. Paper, 10 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Some Remarkable Messages.

From Light.

Psychische Studien for May seems a particularly good number. Among other articles of interest is one entitled "A Remarkable Case of Automatic Writing," by M. Gordigliani, followed by some critical remarks thereon by Dr. Erich Bohn.

Signor Gordigliani gives an account of his own experiences, and of the way in which he became developed as a writing medium. In 1881 he was, at the age of 15, at the military school in Florence. When he returned home after his first year he found his mother plunged in grief at the death of his eldest sister, and deeply interested in "Spiritism," of which he, however, knew nothing. His mother was not mediumistic herself, but one day it occurred to her to try if her son were, and she asked him to place his hands on a little table, without telling him why she wished him to do so. He complied, and the table immediately began moving across the room, and, to be brief, he eventually developed remarkable powers as a medium for automatic writing. He goes on to say that more than 150 individuals, some of whom he had never even heard of, wrote through his hand, many of them in a dialect unknown to him—that of the thirteenth century Italian—describing events and mystic visions quite beyond his knowledge. The "remarkable case" referred to was as follows:

A well known American lady was sitting for her portrait to the writer's father, when it came out in conversation that the son was a writing medium. She begged so earnestly to be admitted to a seance, in the hope of getting a communication from her husband, who had died some years previously, that at last, after raising many objections—as they never liked to admit outsiders—the family consented, and they got a friend of the mother, who understood English, to join them and serve as an interpreter. All they knew of Mrs. B. M.—the American lady—was that she had been in great grief at the loss of her husband and had been most anxious to fulfill his wishes with regard to the bringing up of his children, the division of property, etc., and that she was satisfied she had done her best in these matters.

A sitting was arranged, and on the appointed evening at 9 o'clock there were present the father and mother of the writer; Madame P. (the interpreter); an advocate—a friend of the family; the medium; and Mrs. B. M., the American lady. I will give the account of the seance in the writer's own words:

"I sat before a table with a pencil in my hand and a sheet of paper. In a few moments the pencil wrote the following words in French: 'There is enmity between the lady and her husband which I can not understand.'

"My mother was much put out by these words, as we all believed that harmony existed between the pair, and again asked if it were not possible to get into rapport with the husband. But the inexorable pencil wrote over again the same sentence. Madame P. said that Mrs. B. M. insisted on knowing what was written, and it was translated for her. Never will any of us forget her emotion when, standing up and very pale, she exclaimed: 'How—even yet!' She then explained

in English that enmity had arisen between them, but that she thought death must have extinguished his animosity, and that she had forgiven him and done all in her power to fulfill his last wishes.

"My mother tried again to obtain a more satisfactory communication, when the pencil wrote the following strange sentence: 'It is impossible—he is in Nigritia.' This time we all thought something must be wrong, and my mother wished to break off the sitting, and could not bear to repeat such nonsense to the lady. But Signor C., the advocate, insisted on trying to get to the bottom of the mystery. He asked: 'What reason have you for saying he is in Nigritia?' The pencil wrote: 'He is commissioned to work for the abolition of slavery.'

"Why has he such a task?"

"Because he is a negro."

"My mother, who was very angry, took no further interest in the seance, when she read this explanation, so insulting to the lady, seized the paper, crumpled it up and threw it, as she thought, unnoticed, under the table.

"But Mrs. B. M. had seen it, and insisted on the paper being given to her. When she had received it she smoothed it out, and Madame P. translated the writing to her. In great emotion she rose up, hastily said 'Good-night' and went away.

"We were dumbfounded. My mother exclaimed repeatedly: 'This is the first time we have been treated so badly, for this last sentence must be some ill-timed joke, but the first was true, and Mrs. B. M. was greatly agitated by it.'

"The next morning the lady sat again to my father for her portrait. He returned home to breakfast, and burst out laughing, and then called out to my mother: 'He was a negro, he was a negro!' We could not understand what he meant. He then told us that Mrs. B. M. had told him all her history. It seems that after her marriage her family discovered that her husband had colored blood in his veins. It was scarcely perceptible, but for Americans this was a terrible mesalliance. From this arose the animosity between husband and wife, which lasted till the death of the former, but Mrs. B. M. hoped it had been appeased by death, as she had carried out all his last wishes.

(Signed) "GORDIGIANI."

AN OFFER.

In a late copy of your valuable paper Mr. J. T. R. Greene says: "Some day the spiritually minded will drop their cults . . . and band together and give the world unselfish, profitless service . . ."

Suppose that we inaugurate the day that we all know is coming, is near at hand, by beginning the "profitless service." "And he who would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all." Let us cease to sell the gifts of the spirit, and "do unto others as we would be done by." I am not another Francis Schlatter, but I have healed many cases of disease. Not I, but the spirits through me, and I will make this offer: I will treat all patients free who write me, inclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope. I will ask no pay for the gift of the spirit, but the postage is so purely material that it calls for two copper cents each time.

I ask no "faith" in me, or any creed, no one will be called on to believe this or that; I want no gifts, no pay, no promises, further than this, that each patient will try to hold his heart in peace and harmony 'as much as within them lieth.' ROSE E. ANGEL.

Dubuque, Ia.

SHAMELESS ATTACK ON MRS. NEWTON.

It is easy to blast a reputation. Some people go through life and make comfortable fortunes at it. The following is an instance:

To the Editor of the Light of Truth: It is a grievance hard to be borne by all right-minded people when in this so-called enlightened nineteenth century we come in contact with those who, through ignorance or jealousy, are willing to stoop to slander in order to wreak vengeance on an innocent victim. I have in mind an article published in The Progressive Thinker, April 22, entitled "Another Fake Medium." Why such an article was given space is beyond my comprehension. The writer acknowledges he never sat in any of her seances, and it is known to myself and others that the article came from a man who was and is evilly disposed toward the medium, Mrs. C. T. Newton. It was W. R. Case of Spring Green, Nebraska, who threatened to write her up; it was he who received the money at all the seances, but he never returned it to those who paid it, even though he declared the medium a fake. He grossly insulted her and subjected her to much annoyance and abuse, and turned her out to get home to Leadville as best she could. Mr. Editor and dear friends of the spiritual cause, if we desire to have good mediums who are willing to come to our homes and sacrifice themselves for us, we have got to stand in unity and protect such as are worthy. When Mr. Hull finished his article he made it impressive by saying, "By publishing this, Mr. Editor, you will be doing Spiritualists everywhere a justice." I want to say that D. W. Hull wrote in that article what is not truth, and in his denunciation he has caused sorrow of the deepest kind, and I swear before God and man that I have sat in Mrs. Newton's seances with many others, conscientious citizens, some of prominence, and that all manifestations were not only genuine but of a surprising character. The paper in which the article was printed refused to publish a correction of the matter, and the Spiritualists of Leadville are highly indignant. We denounce The Progressive Thinker; we denounce D. W. Hull as writing and publishing a slanderous article against an honest, upright medium. Yours for progress,

T. HARRY WALL.

Leadville, Colo.

Read, approved and endorsed by L. Agnese Moulton, president of Leadville Occult Society, Leadville, Col.

Following is the account of a seance held by Mrs. Newton, taken from the columns of a Leadville paper and sent here with a strong letter on behalf of the slandered medium by L. Agnese Moulton:

Mr. Chas. Brockway and wife attended a seance at the residence of Mrs. C. T. Newton, 705 Poplar street, last night. A large number of prominent people were present, among whom were Sheriff Daniels, Mrs. Moulton, Harry Wall, Dr. Crispell, Mrs. Dunovan, Miss Curtis and Mr. Johnson.

The physical demonstrations were unusually strong, Mr. Brockway and Sheriff Daniels at different times holding Mrs. Newton's hands while the demonstrations were taking place. As many as four or five independent voices were heard at one time. Musical instruments floated about the ceiling and were played by unseen hands.

Sixteen persons were present, some who had never attended a seance before. One gentleman recognized the voice of his father who had been dead a number of years. The spirit spoke his name, which was known to none present but the son.

The sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?

Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.—Tennyson.

AND SOME THERE BE WHO WON'T SEE THE POINT.

Mr. Editor—If I had 'unt olredy stopt mi paper bekos yu dund me i wood stop it agen aftur reedin the fulishness yu keep printin' about socialism. It makes mee laff.

Socialism is purty neerly as fulish as Spiritoolism, only som times they is such things as spukes, and they haint never no sence in socialism at tal, which makes it the fulisher of the too.

If yure invitashun fer discussun of the subjeck is genuine i wood like tu give yure readers severel nuts to krack which wil nock the theory of soshalism hier than a kight. i expeckt thow yu won't print this artickle for feer it wil expose the falacy of yure theerys and open the eyes of yure doops.

In the furst plase tu begin with oll peepul in this kuntry haint alike. sum is fules and sum is durn fules. peepul is bilt that weigh, they kant help it and it taint never no use tu try tu change a darn fool inter a fule or vicy vercy. a kamel kant change his spots. In this world the fules wil olways be a workin and pilin up more than they'll ever want and the darn fules are eether a helpin the fules in there skeems or else er tryin tu be fules themselves which they kant never be bekos they is darn fules and the fules has the sinch. If it wusnt fer a sneekin idee which every darn fule has that sum time or uther he wil bee abul by the Grase of god and main strength tu make him self inter a furst klass fule existin kondishuns woodnt last too weaks. But as et is they haint got the rekwisate nerve to bee nuthin but darn fules and darn fules they wil olways bee. on the uther hand the fules aint agoin tu make themselves inter no darn fules if they kin help and there yu are.

A lams a lam, a tigers a tigur and fules and darn fules is born not maid. tho sum times a gud furst class fule is spoilt by sutch krazy things like Spireitoolism, free silver and Soshulism. if this argyment dont nock yu they haint no use in this world fer branes. Yures respectfully,

A SPOILT WUN.

Ashland, Va.

A SECOND DISH

Proved Too Much For Actual Need and Showed the Value of Condensed Food.

"When the new food was first placed in my store I took a package home to try. The name 'Grape-Nuts,' had attracted my attention and the statement that it was partly composed of grape sugar excited my interest, and we all know that grape sugar, made by certain methods of treating the cereals, is one of the most nourishing and digestible articles that can be eaten.

"I rather expected to like the food but was not expecting that the children would take so kindly to it. Each one of the little folks, however, passed up the saucer for a second supply and so did I.

"It is a delicious novelty and very grateful to the palate. I found, about midway in my second dish, that I had sufficient for a meal and realized for the first time that I was eating a condensed food that supplies one's wants with a few spoonfuls and does not require anything like the volume to furnish the amount of food required, as when any of the ordinary forms of cereals are served. Grape-Nuts are an elegant food and the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., are to be congratulated upon the discovery," said M. C. Goosen, the well known fancy grocer of Grand Rapids.—Adv.



FRANKLIN THORPE.

Of Denver, Colo., was born in Washington, D. C., in 1808. He recollects the war of 1812 and the burning of the capitol and president's house in 1814. He has been a devout Spiritualist for over 40 years.

NEW BOOKS.

Psychism. Analysis of Things Existing. Essays by Paul Gibier, M. D., Director of the New York Pasteur Institute. New York: The Bulletin Pub. Co. Price \$1.50.

The distinguished French Scientist has contributed most valuably to the cause of Spiritualism in this book. In the first place it is the work of a scholar, well acquainted with physics, biology and physiology; hence, enabled to meet the annihilationist on his own ground and with his own weapons. Dr. Gibier's advantage is in the long study and inquiry he has given to the invisible world and its communicators.

Upon the announcement that the work was to be translated from the French we hailed with delight the expectant treat when the book should be laid before us—and we are not disappointed. While not a complete disquisition, it is a masterpiece of sound logic and indisputable conclusions. It is a bulwark in favor of the verity and importance of psychical phenomena upon which the grandest philosophy known to man is being constructed. The scope of the work is divided into several parts and each being treated with a view to the rounding up of the subject, containing some of the author's experiences in psychism and the unequivocal statement he makes regarding the future life and its avenues for development and progress. Beginning with a study of "things in general" as pertains to the universe as a whole, the macrocosm, he leads us to the study of man and his relations, the microcosm. Upon these he builds his foundation and proceeds to the consideration of experimental and physiological psychology, including many phases of spirit phenomena. Nothing is left without a reason for setting it forth, and the reader can but feel inspired and encouraged by its perusal.

Cubes and Spheres in Human Life, by F. A. Wiggan. Boston: Banner of Light Pub. Co.

This little book is a series of moral and spiritual essays by this popular speaker.

Descriptive Mentality from the Head, Face and Hand, by Holmes W. Merton. Philadelphia: David McKay, publisher. Price \$1.50.

The value of psychologic physiognomy as an exponent of the capabilities and characteristics of persons is gaining ground. This superb volume is a timely contribution to that field of study. Some year ago we knew of a magazine published by the author,

called "Descriptive Mentality," and much of the present work is drawn from the best things in that periodical. Mr. Merton is equipped for teaching the phases to be found in this volume, and we bespeak for his book a large circulation. It is elegantly bound and gotten up, contains over 600 original drawings and is filled with useful information in palmistry and physiognomy.

The Spiritual Hymnary. Edited by W. Ludden. Published by Ludden and Bates, 137 Fifth Ave., New York. Price 35 cents.

This compilation of songs, words and music, is adapted specially to Spiritualist gatherings. The selections are rare and beautiful, far superior to anything of the kind we have yet seen, eighty-eight of these gems being found between the lids. Mr. Ludden is at the head of a large musical establishment, hence well fitted to select those eminently choice tunes and words which Spiritualists ought to have in their services. A valuable feature of this Hymnary is a series of ethical studies and responsive readings suitable for opening exercises in the Lyceum and lecture room. Choice selections from the works of the masters compiled in form of questions and answers are to be found here, which to the young will be a source of genuine delight and profit.

The Light of Truth can forward this work and it is hoped that it will have a wide sale. It is just from the press.

"WEDDING CHIMES."

In answer to the queries that have been put forth as to the aim and object of this little work, I beg leave to say a few words in regard to its intended mission.

Hearing frequent complaints from our Spiritualist ministers that it was entirely impossible to procure marriage certificates not worded in orthodox phraseology, and, seeing upon the counters of nearly every book store, as well as placed in the homes of my acquaintances by the orthodox ministry, wedding souvenir books given as marriage certificates and filled with the most pernicious doctrines ever promulgated by a tyrannical priesthood since Paul's commands to womanhood, it seemed to me quite time that the Spiritualists were supplied with a form in harmony with their teachings, hence the compilation of "Wedding Chimes."

Where is there greater need of our implanting the seed of a true philosophy of life, its duties and responsibilities, than in the homes newly instituted? Many of our popular ministers are called to solemnize the marriage vows of those who know little of our religion. Is this not a fertile field for the missionary thought that has heretofore received no attention whatever? I am sure that those who consider the expense as of first importance will find the added popularity of the minister who manifests a progressive spirit by giving souvenir books will amply repay them for procuring them. This at least has been the experience of the orthodox clergy.

It is also designed to provide an appropriate place for the Family Record in every home, contains two half-tone engravings and is bound in bridal white, embellished in gold. Agents wanted, especially at every camp meeting, to whom liberal terms will be allowed. Address at once,

DELPHA PEARL HUGHES,
Rollin, Mich.

They are a beautiful, yes exquisite little book, just what we need—Jennie Hagan Jackson.

The book is happy all through in all its various words and every one of

our faith should have one.—Anna L. Robinson.

You have compiled an attractive and at the same time a useful little book, and I will gladly recommend it.—Mattie E. Hull.

One of the most attractive collections of art, literature, poetry and sentiment I have seen is "Wedding Chimes."—Lyman C. Howe.

The handsome little souvenir is well worth the money (\$1) and should be in the hands of every Spiritualist.—Prof. Geo. W. Walrond.

It offers a truly spiritual record of marriages, births and transitions that have hitherto been relegated to the orthodox family Bible.—Fred P. Evans.

TROUBLES OF THE TRAVELING MAN.

Who hath woe? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath corns on the bosom of his pants? Verily, he who goeth forth on the road to travel.

He goeth forth in the morning with a light heart and a starched collar, and returneth at eventide with a soiled raiment and blisters on his heel.

He goeth forth like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but lo! every man he meets smiteth him. He goeth to the place where they do entertain strangers, and what he ordereth of the servant she bringeth not, and what he doth not order is set before him.

And when eventide is fallen, he sayeth unto the keeper of the house:

"Behold! I would be awakened at the fifth hour of the morning that I may depart to another country."

And lo! before it is yet light he knocketh loudly against the door and sayeth in a loud voice: "Arise that thou mayest depart upon thy train."

And he that would arise awaketh in haste and putteth his right foot into his left shoe and he girdeth himself quickly. And behold, he weareth his clothes hinderside before, so great is his haste thereof.

And the collar that should be girt about his neck is coiled in the upper story of his hat.

And when he arriveth at the place from whence he would depart, he finds it only the third hour of the morning, and he leaneth against a telegraph pole, and in his heart he revileth the keeper of the house wherein he slept.

Or perchance he asketh to be awakened at the sixth hour of the morning, and lo! the servant man knocketh not until the eighth hour, and when he railleth the hired man looketh at him with a look of scorn.

He goeth forth to ride upon the railway. Then cometh in a beautiful maiden, arrayed like the lilies, and behold! she taketh a seat afar off, but the dowdy woman with five children and a wart on her nose taketh a seat nearest him.

Verily, man that is born of woman, and goeth upon the road, is of a few days and variegated rations. To-day he has much that is good, and to-morrow the food is the withered grass, yet not cleanly. Where he sleepeth, if there be much water, he hath no towel; but if the water be gone he has towels five in number and a piece of soap.

Verily, he has cause to murmur an exceedingly great murmur.—The Sample Case.

ERRATA.

In issue of May 20, Light of Truth, under "Organization," a certain clause was intended to read "he shows in the clearest manner that words can portray." By some accident, the word "not" was inserted, making it read "can not portray."

T. H. B. COTTON.

SPECIAL

Premium Offer

FOR

Renewals and New Subscribers to the Light of Truth.

This Company has made some premium offers heretofore in the way of books and pamphlets, but it has remained for this time and place to make an offer which partakes of the nature of an irresistible inducement.

Remember we have been selling most of the pamphlets we now give away.

LOOK AT THIS.

We will give to every person renewing their subscription for one year, and to every person sending us a new subscription for one year the following books bound in paper:

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A compendium of Scientific Research and Experiences by prominent writers. Illustrated. 112 pp.

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SERMON ON SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. Marion F. Ham

AND

Testimonial to Mediumship,
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The Constitution and the National Reform Association.

One of Willard J. Hull's greatest speeches.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

A Miniature Library of Practical Information.

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An Address by Willard J. Hull.

REMEMBER

All of the above works mailed absolutely FREE to any address to any person renewing or beginning a subscription to the LIGHT OF TRUTH for one year.

The LIGHT OF TRUTH, acknowledged by the advanced thinkers of the land to be the best Spiritualist paper in the world, together with this list of books ALL for ONE DOLLAR.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

ROBINSON COMES BACK.

The following has been received, addressed to Mr. E. Dawson Rogers. By some references in the text it is presumed the writer intended the communication for this paper. As he is entitled to what defense he can make, the communication is herewith given for what it is worth:

New York, May 22, 1899.

Mr. E. Dawson Rogers: Dear Sir—As a matter of justice to me, and also to uphold the title of your paper, "The Light of Truth," will you kindly grant me space for a reply to Lyman C. Howe's criticism of me and my book, also a few remarks of yours, and which also refers to a slatewriting test received by Quaestor Vitae, all contained in your issue of May 20. Mr. Howe picks out one particular method in the book as a means of arguing against the correctness or possibilities of my explanations being correct. If he will take the pains to turn to page three (3), he will find these few explanatory words. "There are a large number of methods of producing slate writing, but the writer will describe a few, which will be sufficient to give an idea of the workings of slate-tests in general." Now, Mr. Editor, my book does not pretend to explain all, but if Mr. Howe and your readers desire more light on the subject, I can keep you easily supplied with descriptive and explanatory articles for a year, and guarantee them the "bona fide" methods employed by "fake mediums." I am afraid Mr. Howe is inclined to "beat about the bush." In the Progressive Thinker of March 18th he gives a criticism of my book, also myself. Here is a portion of his statement: "I never had but one sitting with Foster, and then I was quite certain he deceived the rest of the sitters—at least in a part of his performance. I could have done the same things, and explained the phenomena." You see, Mr. Editor, here is a man who proclaims himself a sincere Spiritualist, but is willing that fraud should exist in it, and instead of exposing it, which he declares he could have done, he preferred to remain quiet all these years, allowing Foster, no doubt, to victimize countless hundreds, as easily as he did at the sitting Mr. Howe speaks of. Mr. Howe also remarks that he had his suspicions of Dr. Slade. I replied to Mr. Howe's argument of the 18th of March, and it appeared April 8th, both in Progressive Thinker.

Mr. Howe failed to answer my many pointed queries. I wonder why? Did he see the error of his ways? Mr. Howe, if you are so sure you are correct, and I am in the wrong. I will make you the same offer I did in the Progressive Thinker. If Keeler, Sisters Bangs, or any other medium you may choose, will give me slate writing under the same test conditions you claim you have received, viz: Receiving writing on slates sealed and held in your own hand, that have never left your possession, I will give you or that medium \$100 for every letter. If they fail they are not to give me one cent.

Now, Mr. Editor, your remarks in column "Points," says: "Mr. Howe has taken a timely fall out of the pretentious trickster Robinson. The trouble with these 'exposers' lies chiefly in the exposure of their own ignorance and prejudice." I think the shoe is on the other foot. I believe Mr. Howe is the one who has fallen. Could anything be more disgraceful than his candid acknowledgement of the knowledge of fraud and his deliberate concealment of the same?

As regards ignorance and prejudice, I don't see why it is, because a man refuses to accept things on hearsay or second-handed evidence, and because he sees fit to exact extreme test conditions, he should be pointed out as having prejudice; and as far as ignorance of my subject goes, you are mistaken. I have investigated it for 25 years, sincerely, honestly and faithfully. I was brought up in the belief from childhood. My father is a staunch and steadfast Spiritualist; also a charter member of the Veteran Spiritualists' Union, a warm friend of Andrew Jackson Davis, and forty years a firm believer in all that is good and true in that beautiful science. But, nevertheless, he heartily endorses, not alone my own individual exposes of frauds, but all that are given for the good it will do Spiritualism.

Now, in reference to Quaestor Vitae. It will be seen that his accounts of the same sitting as described in Banner of Light, and the one in Light are at variance with each other. In the Banner of Light he mentions four slates being used, in Light he claims eight were used. Now both can not be right, one account is wrong, and such being the case, there is a doubt of the correctness of the other. "Quaestor Vitae" states he went to Mr. Evans with the express purpose of substantiating the truth of the statement of slate writing in colors. If that was his idea, why did he allow the medium to use his own slates? Why did he allow the medium to clean the slates? Why did he allow the medium to place the signature on the slates? Why did he allow the medium to secure the slates? In fact, why did he allow the medium to do what he should have done? No wonder he received a test (?) that was successful (?).

I'll duplicate it for him any time he takes the trouble to pay me a visit; and show him other methods with his own slates that will help to brush the cobwebs from his brain. If this is a sample of what you call proofs of Spirit return, I am satisfied to be called a pretentious trickster, especially when such evidence as given by Quaestor Vitae is offered as a test. In Light, March 25th, he mentions a sitting he had with Miss Bangs, and remarks he could not conclude the sitting, as he had to catch a train, but had the sitting continued by a Mr. Hewett a few days later, and then accepts this gentleman's report as evidence. Is this investigating Spiritualistic phenomena? If so, it is a careless way of doing it. I do not place any reliance on such evidence, not because I doubt the person's honesty or sincerity of purpose, but I doubt their methods of investigating. It is due to the lack of observation and the lapse of memory that are given the wonderful reports of the seance room.

Now, Mr. Editor, I hope you will accept my letter in the same manner it is intended. With kindly interest, but with strict adherence to the truth and severe test conditions, without either investigation, is a farce. Thanking you for your kindly indulgence, for time, and space you no doubt will grant. I remain for the truth always,

W. E. ROBINSON,

50 East Eighty-eighth street, N. Y.

When Peter Dunne, of Dooley fame, was at the Players' club, in New York, some months ago, to him was introduced Richard Harding Davis, the aesthete, in facetious mood. "Why, Mr. Dunne," said Davis, "I expected to see you in chin whiskers." "Why, Mr. Davis," Dunne replied, "I expected to find you in a shirt waist."

YOU want a trial subscription and a good luck finger ring. Send a quarter and get both.

A SHAKER ON PEEBLES.

To the Editor of Light of Truth: Although I feel sure that I have evidences of the fact of the advent and evangel of Jesus Christ on the earth about the period generally admitted, stronger than anything to be found in ancient or profane history, yet I am very glad indeed to hail the appearance of the late work on that subject, by Brother James M. Peebles, which I have read thoroughly, and in which I have been greatly edified and entertained. I have always been disgusted with the apparently insincere efforts to disprove the fact of his advent, from mythological and astrological standpoints of evidence and from premises drawn from legends of very uncertain history in the past—very much of which is little better than fable. And I feel that Brother Peebles, in concert with the several members of his symposium, has covered such apparently unassailable ground, that his work deserves the title of "The Question Settled," than anything that has preceded it. When I read some of the almost inquisitorial persecuting criticisms and sarcasms denounced upon the character and evangel of Jesus Christ, I incline to ask these questions: Did you ever for one year try the verity and value of His precepts and doctrines, by the rule He himself laid down to test their truth and verity? What is your real motive for frittering away all proof both of Jesus and His inspirations? Are you not a little embarrassed, cornered and annoyed at their closeness in following you up, and condemning your frequent and many derelictions from the moral and spiritual discipline urged upon you by the Christ within you, and which has been within you from the foundation of the world?—even that "True light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world?" I can state without danger of successful refutation, that anyone who will put the preachings and precepts of Jesus Christ into actual life practice, will at least never more doubt the fact of their salutary results and infinite value. Jesus' rule was, "If ye be doers of the work, ye shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." Now let those who have such a fiery zeal to crush out all proofs as well as all the spirit of his evangel, try this matter by the above rule, and I defy any such to parry the truth and value of his sayings and inspirations. I have tried it on Jesus' plan and rule for about 75 years, and it has never failed so far to develop all the results he promised and predicted. I would recommend to all to candidly read Bro. Peebles' "Question Settled," and especially those who desire to be put to rest on the subject of the historical existence of Jesus, and the efficiency and truth of his teachings. I am unspeakably glad to find one paper, openly and above board, championing the cause of the poor and oppressed, and battling against the present horror of financial oppression, pecuniary greed and unparalleled selfishness of the present day; and which seems to be driving the U. S. A. to utter destruction and on the awful rocks of a sanguine revolution. Especially to find that the Light of Truth openly advocates the sublime system and mode of existence advocated by Edward Bellamy, as well as every other approach toward a more righteous and loving relation with our fellow beings, and which are indicated by the many communities of a social and benevolent character now springing up in many places in the U. S. A. and also in England, France and Germany. So I say, let the L. of T. wave, till war and bloodshed, poverty and sickness, despair, aristocracies and slums, are rel-

egated to the gloomy crypts of an eternal oblivion, and even their very history wiped out of existence.

Union Village.

SHEMER.

THE MESSAGE AND OUR DUTY.

What is the message of Spiritualism and of the Spiritual Philosophy to the modern world? Should not the great body of sincere and convinced Spiritualists hold themselves accountable for the delivery of their message to humanity? Spiritualists must be judged and must expect to be judged by the fruit they bear, and by the moral light which they are enabled to shed upon humanity—by the golden age which they are expected to usher in. We must expect to be weighed in the balance of public opinion, and if found wanting, we must realize that not we alone will suffer but the cause which we represent.

The first message is the assurance of the continuity of individual existence. This involves the eternal existence of each and all, for weal or for woe. The conduct of life involves consequences. As free causes we are held to an account for every action of our lives.

As being of those who apprehend a consistent philosophy of the universe, it is our duty to proclaim its truths.

First—The unity of that attraction and Central Spirit Sun, which holds control of all immensity, comprehending in its own inner life light, love, knowledge and goodness.

That light which is the guide for all human souls.

The spirit of man can not succeed without that light.

That love which "suffers long and is kind."

That knowledge which enables the soul to realize itself. For *apperception* is by the power of divine knowledge, and knowledge is by consciousness. Goodness, the attraction upward to the one All-Good, enabling us to overcome our evil with goodness.

We know that light is God. The soul of conscious being; that matter is only the substratum of nature's seeming.

That living light, i. e., spirit or the positive mind, is the soul, in which all lesser souls have their life and being. We agree with Spencer and John Fisk as regards matter.

We claim that matter does not exist as matter—(but perhaps as darkness)—save in relation to our intelligence, since what we mean by matter is a congeries of qualities—weight, resistance, extension, color, etc.—which have been severally proved to be merely names for divers ways in which our consciousness is affected by an unknown external agency.

Take away all these qualities and we freely admit, with Idealists, that the matter is gone; for by matter we mean the phenomenal thing which is seen, tasted and felt.

But we nevertheless maintain, in opposition to the Idealist, that something is still there—which to some possible mode of impressibility, quite different from conscious intelligence, might manifest itself as darkness, or as something wholly different from and incomparable with conditioned matter, but which to anything that can be called human intelligence must manifest itself as matter.

What we refuse to admit is the legitimacy of the Idealists inference that the unknown reality beyond our sense consciousness does not exist; and equally we refuse the Materialists' inference that intelligence is the accidental creation of unconscious darkness, or matter.

Absolute intelligence is luminous. It is the light of life. It is the divine mind. It is God. It is the spirit of life in man.

JOHN P. COOKE.

Bachelor Ratiocinate and Widow Dot Intuite.

BY Lisle E. Saxton.

CHAPTER VII.

"Miss Starr! I suppose one had to sit alone, or in circles to develop the power of psychometry and clairvoyance, and have been deliberating for several days the reason of Mr. Leyton's and my success!"

"There are preparatory methods for producing certain results, that we sometimes, yes, often employ, unconsciously, and are surprised when they become apparent. Dot's drill in healing assisted you as a preparer; and Mr. Leyton received his largely through inspirational writing—holding himself receptive to the divine influx of truth, as he expresses it. You remember, on one occasion, he said that he gave his best sermons in this way? For best results, one should acquire the power to exercise a certain degree of supervision over all expressions, physical and mental; and this requires much drill in mind concentration, then one can be passive and receptive, or positive and diffusive, at pleasure, and hinder the intermixing of aura from the without, or that not connected with the thing examined. Those who can the most nearly accomplish this at all times, and thus prove their power to protect, operate, aye, fashion their own instrument—body—will be the healthiest, and derive the most satisfaction from life here, to say nothing of the By and By, for a consciousness of the ego—power; its unlimited possibilities, and oneness with Infinite Life, fills one with fearlessness and courage to act under all circumstances, and clairvoyance, psychometry and inspiration follow naturally."

"Well! when I get there, I shall expect to be registered in the book of life as an archangel. I wonder if it is the fate of all mortals to have their dearest hopes winged off to some celestial realm; there to remain until in the sometime they have climbed up to them and claim them by right of conquest!"

"Wise in telligences say, when the power of recognition in any respect has been evolved in the ego; then sooner or later it will be an outward expression, or possession, on the plane of its recognition through the law that always draws unto us our own, and nothing is really ours, only through recognition or comprehension. But as understanding increases our desires and recognition improve and old possessions are replaced by those suited to the new state. So all of your earthly desires will be achieved; though if your aspirations are very exalted, your strength may need some augmenting to enable you to reach their summit. You do not appear, Mr. Ratiocinate, like one who is pining for the unattainable."

"Appearances are frequently illusive, and this is an instance of it!"

"Indeed! if our philosophy did not teach the need of such experiences, I would condole with you!"

"Perhaps you could help me out of the shadows!"

"Through suggestion, Mr. Ratiocinate?"

"No! I suppose Dot informed you of my prejudice in regard to old maids?"

"Yes! and that I was to be careful not to pose as an angel; but I assure you it has not taxed my powers very

much to observe the precaution. I hope you are not overshadowed by remorse, because of injustice to the old maid fraternity in the past?"

"Not in the least; but I am studying very seriously an aspect of attraction, that I have been compelled to define conjugal love; and, although I did not intend it, yet somehow it will be expressed. I realize how unavailing it is for me to do so, yet I avow my love for you, Miss Starr, and believe, aye, know, that I would be supremely happy to traverse eternity with you as my wife!"

"Bachelor Ratiocinate declaring love to an old maid! It surely is a new



MAJOR BITTERS.

aspect of attraction!"

"Do not put me back into my old clothes, but rather assist me to wear my new ones with grace and dignity; and if you cannot reconcile yourself to matrimony with me, because of my old state, please do not ridicule my position; for you will never be offered a truer love, though you may have a better, handsomer and more talented lover."

"Pardon my seeming levity! but it proves you a courageous man, Mr. Ratiocinate, to admit the weakness of the old position, and express a determination to adhere to the new, even though ridiculed by one you ask to assist you; but you underestimate yourself in all the essentials you enumerated. I will be frank with you, and admit that I have liked you from the first; but have not recognized it as aught but strong friendship on the part of either. We have been acquainted but a short time, and with longer association, we may deem such an alliance undesirable. So, I suggest that we become better acquainted, associating unreservedly, each having

confidence in the purity and integrity of the others purpose, and then, if we feel assured we can, through such a comradeship, better fulfill all of life's purposes, we can consummate and congratulate ourselves on the commendable manner in which our intellects have served us."

"I do not note the need for any such precaution, but that arrangement brings hope down to this plane, and defers, at least, that no that men dread so much. Then I am your affianced, on sufferance?"

"No! we are studying physical, mental, spiritual and psychic chemistry together in our own connection, to see whether or not it will be wise for us to pursue our studies in one laboratory."

"Very well! then will it not be more pleasant to dispense with formality and address each other as Grace and Rate?"

"But, Dot, and Mr. Leyton!"

"Oh! they will be informed of the situation! Dot will discover it through that wonderful power of hers, and she informed me last night that Mr. Leyton and she had concluded

THREE SCENES FROM THE DRAMA OF—LIFE?

I.

New York City, Jan. 1.—(By Associated Press.)—John D. Rockefeller, the great trust magnate, has been ordered by his physician to devote only 15 minutes each day to business affairs. This was made imperative, owing to the fact that Mr. Rockefeller was on the verge of a physical and mental collapse. Mr. Rockefeller is one of the hardest-worked men in America, but nature refuses to be abused longer and has called a halt. Mr. Rockefeller's wealth is estimated between \$100,000,000 and \$200,000,000. A conservative estimate fixes it at \$150,000,000.

II.

A veteran of '61, who had fought at Shiloh, Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, entered the lobby of a Columbus hotel. In an awkward and hesitating manner he approached a comrade wearing a Grand Army button and asked for 25 cents to secure a bed for the night. The request was granted, and the aged, battle-scarred hero of many a hard-fought battle was able to rest until morning, when he would again have to take up the perplexing problem, "The struggle for existence."

III.

An eminent political economist and student of social questions was reading a finished manuscript from his pen. He carefully reread the closing paragraph:

"Much of our social unrest is due to the fact that the poor are lazy, shiftless and improvident. We are the richest people on earth, and there is no reason why every man should not have a competence."

"I am not sure about the truth of that paragraph," he mused, as he drew his pen slowly through the lines. "I must consider the matter more thoroughly before sending it to the publishers. I have considered the subject from the scientific and not from the human standpoint." L. A. MAGRUDER.

MAJOR BITTERS.

Was born near Easton, Pa., Sept. 21, 1835. He refused to be supported by his parents after he was 11 years of age and became a farmer boy at very limited wages, but saved enough money to pay his father about \$300. In the fall of 1854 he commenced to learn the printing business at Berwick, Pa. In 1856 Snyder & Bitters published a paper at Bloomsburg, Pa., and afterward at Orangeville, in the same state. Neither venture proved a financial success and he drifted to Indianapolis, Ind., and thence to Peru, where he spent seventeen years in the Republican office.

In 1873 he purchased a printing office at Rochester, Ind., since which time M. Bitters & Son have been the proprietors and editors of the Rochester Daily and Weekly Republican.

The 4th of March, 1858, he was united in marriage with Miss Maria Rose. Both united with the Methodist church and were earnest church workers until 1884, when they learned that the Christian religion, like all other religions, is man-made, and since that time have given their time and attention and thousands of dollars to Spiritualism.

Mr. Depew that was made senator, isn't he in the machine? I don't see the papers talking about his bossing anything." "Well, it's this way, Maria," said Mr. Boozle; "he really doesn't belong to the pack. He's the joker."—Life.

they could reach grander heights of living together; so, we could arrange for a united family, if agreeable all around. If we can have a co-operative household of twice two, it will be continuous, you know, when two is company and three is a crowd. Dot will be delighted with the prospect!"

(To Be Continued.)

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Watch "The Man With the Hoe."

Spiritualism seeks to convert no one,
 but it will convince all.

Altruism is the true egoism in that
 men shall love themselves; but not
 profitably unless they love others as
 well if not better than themselves.

A man may wreck himself utterly
 on the sense plane, yet he can not be
 a perfect devil by reason of his imper-
 fections as a man. The spark of divine
 light is still within him. The saving
 grace is remorse. Were it not for re-
 morse some men might be said to be
 soulless.

LIFE A COHERENT WHOLE.

Life has no meaning if it be not co-
 herent and universal. Existence is
 maintained by reason of the fact that
 we are part of all that is, rather than
 by reason of our own being. One thing
 is soon perceived by the man
 who reads, ponders, and reflects: those
 gone on are not in oblivion nor in an
 artificial world. 'Tis we who fight
 phantoms and war with nothings. Sen-
 sation becomes real for the first time
 when the wars of the flesh are re-
 moved. The war of sensation here
 produces those separations between in-
 dividuals and communities, which in
 turn produce and foster the phantas-
 magoria of daily life. The law of co-
 herence is not recognized. Unity and
 amity do not abound. Our struggle
 to gratify sensation which feeds on the
 evanescent things of life constitutes
 the great rebellion against the forces
 of evolution. These hindrances keep
 back the tide and immerse for a longer
 period than necessary the clear vision
 which is to see the universal cohe-
 rence and unity of human life. The
 flowers of civilization are not of that
 aroma which pleases the soul when
 removed to the realities of the spirit,
 beyond the portal. After civilization
 —sensationalism is a better term—
 then what? Winter and darkness. So
 the fruits of a sordid gratification,
 which shuts out the soul, are as Dead
 Sea apples. The harvest is a failure,
 and the harvester—what of him? Swallowed
 in the chaos he himself has wrought.
 It is the reactionary tendency which
 is overwhelming the votaries of
 frivolity and dross. Courage to with-
 stand this tendency is a man's chief
 requirement, and courage is born of
 the assurance that the path does not
 end at a certain point. The psychol-
 ogy of death as a finality is the most

appalling and effects the worst results
 of all the influences that beset man's
 evolution.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE PATH OF PROGRESS.

The printing press and the locomotive
 are the machines whereby human
 intellect interprets and transports the
 ideas of the Infinite. The Lick tele-
 scope on Mount Hamilton is preaching
 sermons that will live and bless human
 kind long after every theologian shall
 have gone into the maelstrom of ob-
 livion. We have little for which to
 honor the past, unless we probe lower
 down the faded years than the Chris-
 tian era. Athens has never been dupli-
 cated, but Athens belongs to an age
 of splendor dimmed only by the hor-
 rors of Christian despotism. Thales
 and Pericles were co-ordinated in Soc-
 rates and Plato. Compare with them
 the early church fathers and observe
 the contrast! The teachings of the Pa-
 gan masters of thought form the fade-
 les gems of a bygone world.

What is meant, then, by referring to
 the past as without honor carries us
 only as far back as the history of
 Christianity will permit. We have
 learned by experience and the heritage
 of ancient thought that there is no re-
 ward for good, nor condemnation for
 evil, except a consciousness which glo-
 rifies or despoils the spirit of man.
 Conscience is a diamond which glitters
 in proportion as the races of humanity
 evolve from savagery into the sphere
 of utility and the ethics of utility.
 There is no expiation by atoning sac-
 rifice in the logic of pure reason.

One of the hardest lessons of life,
 and when fully comprehended the most
 appalling fact, is the personality of the
 human life principle—that independ-
 ent dependency which constitutes the
 realm of action and thought. The de-
 velopment of the conscience found its
 school in the utilitarianism of eigh-
 teenth century philosophy. But the
 wall of death was not shattered by it.
 The grave is the empire of material-
 ism. Hope hears the rustle of a wing,
 but the eye of faith beholds a raven.
 In this antithesis philosophy takes
 comfort. Progression, then, is a mis-
 nomer, because humanity for the most
 part is entombed before intellect is
 ripe enough to perceive the need of it.
 The purpose of nature in every depart-
 ment of construction is completeness,
 and man in a rational state of mind
 has no higher guide. Nature provides
 for her own, and fulfills every promise.
 But, perchance, in the very dawn of
 unfoldment and aspiration man is cut
 off and every object of life set aside,
 the sum of nature's revelation, the
 apex of all life, a failure—and the only
 failure in the cosmos.

And here is the great enigma that
 has given rise to so many speculations,
 schisms and theories; because man had
 never reasoned beyond the bounds of
 his material environment. It was this
 awful menace of death that suggested
 in his crude mind the practice of aton-
 ing sacrifice, always depending on the
 clemency of a power superior to him-
 self, of which he was in mortal fear,
 to save him from the terrors which he
 felt must be his lot when he came to
 meet the destroyer. This idea has been
 nurtured in the heart of man for ages.
 In his extreme selfishness and igno-
 rance he has always deemed worthy
 the smiles and patronage of his gods
 the most abhorrent crimes and abuses.

This the legitimate end of the mon-
 strous absurdity, that death is the cell
 from which bliss or despair are de-
 pendent upon the merits of an atoning
 sacrifice. The most divine saviors have
 been the most cruelly sacrificed. Can
 you imagine anything more horribly
 grotesque than Calvary?

THE FAILURE OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Indications point to a total failure of
 the prime purpose which called the
 peace conference at The Hague. Some
 minor affairs pertaining to firearms
 and explosives and a lot of diplomatic
 fanfaronade will probably be attended
 to, but the proposition involving dis-
 armament and international arbitra-
 tion in lieu of war is not likely to be
 entertained seriously, if at all. The
 only topic that is likely to be discussed
 after the conference has gone into his-
 tory is the readiness of the nations to
 talk about peace. This is as much as
 can be expected of the outcome. The
 world is not ready for peace, but it is
 a signal victory for the forces of peace
 that has brought the conference to-
 gether. So long as property is placed
 above human life, and vast armies are
 drawn from industry to defend prop-
 erty, the hope of peace is an idle one.
 It is sufficient at this time that it can
 be talked over. The agitation of years
 has succeeded thus far.

We should keep firmly fixed in mind
 and purpose their outworkings rather
 than upon the distressful conditions
 which surround us. It is well to pause
 and take note of the passing grind of
 social, political and religious transfor-
 mation, but these are entailments
 rather than causes. The causes have
 already gone into the slough of the evo-
 lutionary processes incident upon the
 development of the race. We can not
 correct them and we can do little to
 mitigate their effects. They are pass-
 ing, however, and as the eternal NOW
 moves on the awakened conscience will
 perceive their rightful place, scourging
 though it is, for out of it all shall come
 the New Day in which right shall be
 might. There is a glorious futurity,
 an all-powerful outworking involved in
 the present unrest. The forces are at
 work. It is our privilege not only to
 watch them, but aid in their unfold-
 ment.

What are ye, O Brahman and Bud-
 dhist and Jew and Christian and Mo-
 hammedan? Ye assume the climax of
 infinite law to be centered in your pyg-
 my bodies and ant-like observances!
 How utterly foolish are the specious
 reasonings of man! Why should you,
 Christian, claim the special favor of a
 God whose hospitality entertains a uni-
 verse of worlds you ignorantly disre-
 gard? What are ye, Brahman and Mo-
 hammedan, but moving anthills in
 your flaunting pride, and where are ye
 when placed in the balance with the
 teeming worlds about you? As grains
 of sand blown over the arid wastes of
 the Barcan desert! As dust particles
 that float and glisten in the sunlight!
 Here on this tiny sphere that whirls
 and sparkles like a gem in a cluster of
 diamonds lordly man labors, aspires,
 groans and dies. Here the pygmy
 reaches forth and grabs the dynamics
 of the universe and with other pygmies
 issues letters patent on them and col-
 lects royalty. Here they build temples,
 steal from each other and load the air
 with their supplications. Here saviors
 have come and while they voiced im-
 perishable principles the pygmies have
 stoned and crucified them. Here they
 have stood in the purloined garments
 of the wise whom they have persecuted.
 Here they fall to their knees and pray
 for grace, nor see the light of stars
 that had not left their remote homes
 when the earth was a chaos of forces
 piling ring upon ring, layer upon layer,
 the courses of masonry that form the
 foundation 'neath their beggary knees.

Ralph Waldo Emerson once said:
 "Whilst another man has no land, my
 title to mine, your title to yours, is at
 once vitiated."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The gymnasium is better than the
 "mourner's bench" or the "anxious
 seat" as a weapon with which to fight
 evil. A young man or woman with a
 disordered body trying to live an or-
 derly life is a pathetic spectacle. The
 right kind of an existence, one, too,
 compatible with the best religion is in-
 separably bound up in the right kind
 of a body. Gymnastics is better than
 sermonizing.

Immorality is a disease. Congestion
 of blood in certain centers of the body
 oft times gives rise to arrested moral
 development. The moral Pariah is
 likely to be lop-sided, ill balanced and
 unhealthy. "The blues," that prolific
 fiend whose progeny is in nearly every
 face one meets, is closely allied to an
 arrested or degenerate moral sensibili-
 ty. Exercise is the remedy for "the
 blues," as it is for all immoral procliv-
 ities. You never hear of an athlete
 getting into trouble on the score of
 bad morals—barring, perhaps, the pu-
 gilist. Athletics, wisely directed, is one
 of the vital needs of the time. Thou-
 sands of young men and women might
 be saved years of suffering if they
 would pay heed to proper physical ex-
 ercise. Idleness without exercise
 breeds intemperance of all kinds.

When you go into a store to buy
 shirts, or any other article of
 what Shakespeare said oft proclaims
 the man, just ask, instead of the price,
 "How much did the person get who
 made this article?" Did you ever
 think of such a question as this? Does
 it ever occur to you when gazing upon
 the lavish display of finery in these
 great stores, that the heartaches, unut-
 tered curses and flabby despair of the
 thousands of women and girls who
 make them are a part of them? "Busi-
 ness is business." Yes, God help us, it
 is true. Did you ever visit a dog show?
 Try it some time and make note of the
 value attached to the dogs. Now it
 took that old fraud we call mother na-
 ture perhaps a million years to make
 a dog and why should not dogs be val-
 uable? Finally nature tried her hand
 at man making and the first thing he
 asks when he selects a shirt is: "How
 cheaply can you sell this to me?"
 Great joke on nature, this man busi-
 ness! "Business is business."

We printed some time ago a letter
 from A. G. Helmer, pertaining to a
 proposed "Industrial Educational
 Union" near Atlanta, Ga. Arrange-
 ments have been completed and the
 Union is ready for members—from any
 trade or profession.

The home of this union is situated
 on the Fort Valley branch of the
 Southern railroad, 18 miles from At-
 lanta. The name of this station will
 be Helmer, application having been
 made for a postoffice there. It consists
 of over 1,000 acres of land, about 800
 being in a good state of cultivation, 300
 of fine black bottom land capable of
 raising any product for the necessities
 of life. It is proposed to take this
 property for the Industrial Educational
 Union for the sum of \$25,000, bond for
 title to be given with interest at 4 per
 cent. per annum on all unpaid amounts
 until paid. Such amounts as can be
 spared from time to time by the Union
 must be paid upon the land. Each
 member shall hold an undivided inter-
 est in all property contracted for by
 the Union, subject to the rules prescrib-
 ed in charter and by-laws.

The charter members are: James H.
 Helmer, Adel Gill Helmer, S. T. Bla-
 lock, J. A. Brasa, W. S. Milner, S. B.
 Lewis and Joseph R. Murphy, of Fay-
 ette county, Ga.; Fanny Chipman
 Ickes, E. A. Davidson, Fanny Baker,
 Alexander L. Twilght, J. L. Harris,
 Frank M. Myers and G. R. Glenn.

WITH EYE UPLIFTED AND MIND REVERENT.

The position of mankind to-day is upon the confines of an unlimited field of mental, physical and psychical unfoldment. The explorer's torch has hardly lit up the borders of fen or glade or cavern. Ptolemy supposed and taught that the earth was the center of the universe, and yet he could not get rid of something which compelled him to declare that in relation to the whole it was a mere point. Consider this and consider that man has lived and wrought from the remotest antiquity. Throughout all these vast periods intellect has grown and expanded, shriveled and died out. Religion has flourished and has paved progression with skulls; the lip of entreaty has ever framed the desires of grieved and famished hearts. Civilizations have been born, nursed and lived their time, vanished and not a vestige remains of their power. Other civilizations have waved their glory and pride upon the forgotten mausoleums of their predecessors. They, in turn, have left their footprints upon the flora and fauna of their period and their marks are imbedded in the eternal rocks for us to read. In the dim centuries of the past history was born. It came in answer to necessity just as everything else utilitarian has come, and history has recorded here and there a fragment of man and his handiwork. History has kept pace with the demands made upon it so that to-day it bears witness to deeds of valor, achievements in art, and speculations in philosophy and religion unapproached in any era. The man of to-day, mighty and god-like, cuts his way into the bosom of earth, scales its crags, its glaciers, its peaks; scoffs at the tempest of sea and plain, flitches from nature's laboratory her treasures and her lore, calculates the flight of light, pierces the interplanetary depths and photographs the geography of planets. He names lunar mountains with the sang froid of an African explorer who has solved the secret of a new country. And he does all this upon the crust of a ball not a millionth part of the mass of the sun which gilds it in splendor. And with all this how little he knows of earth! How little he knows of himself! What seas and plains and mountains and caverns and deeps, physical and mental, yet remain unexplored! Counting the period of life and the volume of knowledge, eternity is little enough to compass the grand school of experience. If man aspires to knowledge, to fame and to fortune with an intensity sufficient to relinquish love and home, to buffet the horrors of the Arctic and Antarctic, how much more does he need eternity to explore the teeming worlds, spiritual and material that float upon the universal ocean of life?

And what a picture of surpassing grandeur greets the eye of the reverent beholder when lifted into stellar space! "What a confluence of ethereal fires stream from urns unnumbered down the steeps of heaven." Who but a Milton, blind to outward sight, could see with spirit eyes and sing a hymn befitting the pageant of Night!

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement, stars, as stars to us appear

Seen in the galaxy, that milky way,
Which nightly a circling zone thou seest
Powdered with stars."

There proud Orion sweeps the starry forest with the hunter's eye, and chained Andromeda awaits Perseus' flight. Dim Arcturus nods to the majestic Sirius and Lyra holds the sceptered triangle of the north. We look to the ecliptic and

"See Arles there his glittering bow unfold
And raging Taurus toss his horns of gold.
With bended bow the sullen Archer lowers
And then Aquarius comes with all his showers.
Lions and centaurs, gorgons, hydras rise,
And gods and heroes blaze along the skies"

There Ursa Major points eternal to the silent pole. When Pagan Persia crowned her conqueror Cyrus; when Bel reared his splendid height over ancient Babylon or the monarchs of Chaldea had their seat upon the banks of the Euphrates; when Phoenician navigators plowed the Aegean sea and Homer wrote the epic which has astonished a world; yes, go back to the Neolithic period when man roamed Europe with the mammoth and the cave bear, and above it all the eternal finger of the North reached out to the pole star.

There has been no change in that mighty pendulum of eternity. The races of earth come and go. Man carves his effigy upon the great tombs of civilization. War and conquest, peace and plenty, grave-yards and temples, progress and stagnation, comment on the mutability of man's greatness, but the stars' unending courses never swerve. Well might the immortal Lincoln have chosen for his favorite hymn, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?" The suppliant soul is contrite when viewing the majestic march of mind and matter—the god within. We are upon the border land. The next step forward ushers us into the real life, of which this life is a reflection, a shadow, the inverted kaleidoscope of divine causative energy and intelligence. If the material universe is incomparably grand, how, then, must the inner spiritual universe strike the immortal vision!

PROFESSOR ELLIOTT COUES

Has long been recognized as one of the leading naturalists of America. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1842. As a boy he was educated under Jesuit influences. In 1857 he entered a Baptist college (now Columbia university) where he graduated in 1861 in the academic and in 1863 in the medical department of that institution. Professor Coues has been for many years a collaborator of the Smithsonian institute. Degrees of honor have been conferred upon him by learned societies all over the world. He is an outspoken Spiritualist and has been for many years, he having given years of thoughtful, painstaking investigation of its claims, and boldly advanced his convictions when it cost him much to do so. But, like Professor Wallace, he has lived it down and now enjoys the great impetus being given to Spiritualism by men who formerly condemned it. Our frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the distinguished scientist.

Unless the Beyond can be proved to be real it is not worth talking about. Hard facts and legitimate deductions drawn from the alone appeal to thinking men, and so much the better. Reality is our greatest need. We are living too artificially, and unless the life we advance towards is real and actual, it is worthless. The facts regarding its reality are everywhere occurring, and in myriads of forms. Let him who is blind to them remain so if he so chooses. Conviction, not conversion, remains for him to experience.

There is a moral right and wrong; and no one denies to-day that there is a right and wrong in feeling. In the emotional qualities that is right which is sound, noble, great—in a word, beautiful. Beauty—in art, in nature, in fiction—is of incalculable importance in child-training merely because it is the index, as Kant said, "of a good mind."

A MINISTER'S VAGARIES.

It is not often that one enjoys the privilege of reading an argument based on fiction against a hypothesis based on fact. Generally speaking persons of polemical disposition array fact against fact and argue pro and con ad libitum, ad nauseum, but there are few Ivanhoes of the forum who are keen scented enough to hurl an imaginative windmill at a stone wall—and smash the wall. Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, of this city, essayed such a role a couple of weeks ago in a sermon—one of a series on "Sermons in Stories." For this occasion he took William Dean Howells' "Undiscovered Country," a rare literary work of pure trash, and from it hewed out a colossal argument against Spiritualism. Howells, of course, makes out a bad case for Spiritualism. That is what he started out to do. That is what his book is for. He did it just as the author of Quo Vadis made out a bad case for Nero and his paganism, and he did it to make money. A man might write a book with the avowed purpose of showing what a fraud the First Congregational church of Columbus really is—and make money from his book. Howells is a literary man; that is to say, fact and fiction are interchangeable terms with him. His imagination is his capital stock. Now, because he has said that Spiritualism is humbug, Dr. Gladden echoes him like a well-trained parrot. Here are a few of his conclusions, via Howells' imagination:

All intelligent believers in spiritism confess that an enormous amount of sheer imposture is mingled with its manifestations.

It is strongly believed by most of the intelligent people who have investigated these phenomena, that those which are not fraudulent are produced by psychic agencies—by the subtle action of one mind upon another. But this is no revelation from the world of spirits, and it is absolutely valueless.

The intellectual worthlessness of these revelations is decisive. I took for a year a periodical which had, through mediums, communications from such star contributors as Homer, Confucius, Marcus Antoninus, Milton and Shakespeare. They were all alike; there was no trace of individuality; it was simply a mess of drivel and doggerel.

I believe in communications from the unseen. But of these, those which infinitely outrank all the rest are those which come from the Father of Spirits, the Inspirer of all right thoughts. I believe that I may have communications from Him every day. But they do not come through tin trumpets nor banjos thrumming in the dark.

There you are. Now set over against this deliverance a few remarks made by Rev. Dr. M. J. Savage. William Dean Howells is not Dr. Savage's "principal control." Savage set out for facts and, exercising his reason, without fear that his congregation is being too strongly tinctured with Spiritualism said:

"The other day the papers contained a long account of the belief of Dr. Lyman Abbott and of Dr. Hillis, who is his successor. Both believe all the essentials that Spiritualists believe, only both were very careful to guard themselves against believing in such vulgar and foolish things as rappings on a table. For the life of me I cannot see what there is so foolish and degrading in rapping. If you are in one room of a hotel and I am in another, I am not so impolite as to go into your room without rapping to find out whether you want to see me. If some one from the other world is near me and wants to see me, is it so dreadful that he should call my attention by rapping? I have been asked as to the nature of communications from the other side. I've had what purported to be hundreds of them, and I say that they are pretty much on a level with my daily mail. I get some foolish and some malicious communications, and again some noble and intelligent ones in my mail every morning. So it is with those from the other side. If we can get rid of the old idea that the moment a man dies he is either a devil or an angel, we will see that this is just as it would be likely to be—the communications being on a level with things as they are now. If I should die now here in this pulpit I should not expect to be in the next moment more foolish or more wise than I am now."

POINTS.

Who talk of Providence and chance have not paused to think.

If we understand well we shall be slow to condemn.

Ordinarily speaking, the way to find out what a man thinks is to pay heed to what he does not say.

The Spiritualist ought to be the happiest of all mortals, sorrowing only when contemplating the woes of a false society and a hypocritical religion—so-called.

Mrs. Annie Besant, derelict, has finally drifted into Buddhism. We do not feel that this is her anchoring place. It is merely a pool which stays her drifting for a time.

Spiritualism is not a sectarian movement and Spiritualists have no creeds. Be good and do good; nothing more, nothing less; this is the all of Spiritualism as a moral force.

There are no slanderers, liars and gossipers in Spiritualism. Persons there are guilty of all these in their daily lives, but they are not Spiritualists, although they may be known as such.

"Now concerning Spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." This is the voice of the spirit today. The ignorance of these "Spiritual gifts" accounts for much of the failure of Christianity.

All men sooner or later must meet themselves and become well acquainted. There isn't time in this life for many of them to do this, but eternity is not time, and eternity's awfulness hedges us round about.

There is no religion higher than truth, said a wise man of old, and truth is arrived at through investigation, analysis, and distribution, says a wise man of today. This is the only process by which ignorance can be dispelled and humanity united.

To understand the science and philosophy of living is to be equipped to help elevate mankind socially and spiritually. This is the first law. The philosophy of life begins with the study of one's self. No man is fit to teach another man what he has himself not experienced.

The cause of our misery, our woes and wants, our poverty and crime, lies in our ignorance. Ignorance, the only sin, has created a false system and cunning perpetuates it. Ignorance is the womb and cradle of all suffering. Men are not to be blamed altogether. Generations have produced what we behold, but there is an antidote for ignorance, only one, however, and that is education.

It is not so much what one creates as what he assimilates, that makes the true genius. A creator may be an automaton, merely working out another's ideas unconsciously. Such are not geniuses. A genius is he who feeds on his inspirations, his creations, and while they fall short always, his real wealth is knowing how and for what purpose he and his creations were brought forth.

There can be no such thing as religion so long as beggars infest the land and nations require armed force to maintain their existence and power. The religion which sanctions this, indeed is fostered by it, is a long way from the religion toward which humanity is slowly moving. A happy family is the type of a happy nation. There is no "government" in such a family. There is counsel, forbearance and love. There is also religion, which is born of these—and the service of these is the service of God.

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Spiritism

SPIRIT CONTROL.

A PHYSICIAN FEELING HIS WAY.

By Joseph H. Myers, Leslie, Mich.

So far as I am aware no such incident as that I have to relate has been reported through the columns of this magazine.

In reporting a case for scientific purposes I think the observer should strive to mirror the relevant conditions just as they were impressed upon his observation.

This first of all; then if he desires to state his views of the inductive principles underlying these facts and to indulge in deductions based upon those principles he may do so, and others will have the same privilege, if they disagree. The reason for such disparity in final judgment can be referred back to the common base of induction—the naked facts supporting the entire question.

My failure to follow the foregoing ideal is due to the imperfection of my memory unaided by an exact record of the case.

Sunday morning, April 26, 1897, Mr. D. came to me saying his son C. had been taken that morning about 9 o'clock with a severe chill lasting about half an hour. About 11 a. m. when I saw him I found the temperature 105 F., the pulse 120 to the minute. Other conditions present were a frequent hacking cough, with pain in both sides of chest, severe aching all over, with restlessness and humid, rasping respiration.

Diagnosis was double pneumonia following prolonged chilling and exhaustion from exposure to a cold rain the day and night before.

I gave him a solution of tincture of veratrum viride equal to Norwood's tincture in strength. Dose, beginning with two drops every hour, increased rapidly so that in six hours he was getting five drops every hour.

A close watch for physiological effect on pulse and temperature failed to show the least effect, and this treatment, supplemented by solution of bryonia alba and phosphorus mixed, was continued for 48 hours, without producing any effect whatever. This is the first case I ever saw that taken in such good time failed to respond to that treatment. Poulitices of flaxseed were also applied hot every few minutes.

My prognosis being unfavorable consultation was called on the third day, and my diagnosis, treatment and prognosis were all sustained after a free discussion by both physicians and Mr. D. and his son, P. S., the latter being thoroughly able to fully appreciate the points under consideration.

About 3 o'clock the following morning, while Mr. P. D. was sitting at his brother's bedside, he had noticed that the pulse was irregular and between 140 and 150 per minute (which rise I had also noted the day before) when he became conscious of the presence of his brother's wife, who was supposed to be asleep, but who, having entered unobserved, was sitting on the opposite side of the bed.

Suddenly springing to her feet and uttering strange, guttural, coarse sounds in a man's voice, she began to gesticulate as though chasing bees away from her husband; turning away she apparently followed the movements of the object or objects of her atten-

tion to some distance from the bed, then returning she most gently and tenderly hovered over the sick man as though ministering to an injured child. She stroked his face, and with a rapid vibratory movement touched his chest with the palms of her hands, frequently renewing her efforts to drive away the invisible enemy as at first.

Alarmed and puzzled by her actions both brothers at first remained inactive, but when P. got up to lead her away, thinking she was hysterical, being overcome with grief at her husband's hopeless condition, his brother exclaimed: "Let her alone P., I feel better."

Returning to the bedside P. then observed that the pulse was rapidly approaching the normal, and in half an hour, apparently responding to the wife's efforts, it had fallen from 140 to 80 per minute.

Mrs. D. remained in this trance condition about eight hours, apparently unable to talk except in the strange guttural jargon. She assumed charge of the patient and his surroundings, lowering windows and opening doors in spite of the remonstrances of the others, who feared the draughts thus created. There was nothing vacillating in her action; she showed no hesitancy; she was master of the situation. Occasionally, she resumed her first efforts over the patient and in his vicinity, as though keeping something at bay.

About 10:30 a. m., when I came, I was informed of the unnatural occurrences of the morning, and myself found Mrs. D. in a somnambulistic state, tired, exhausted, unable to talk and quite dull of comprehension.

The patient was cheerful, and without pain, which had been severe up to the time of his wife's efforts in his behalf, but his pulse was irregular, 140 per minute, and his temperature was 104.

My treatment was continued without change. Some time after my visit Mrs. D. gradually regained her normal consciousness, but with no coherent memory of her recent condition.

During the following night the pains and restlessness returned and our patient's condition seemed no better than during the previous night, when again towards morning his wife became entranced and the same program was enacted with the same result in the condition of both wife and patient. I found the patient about 10 a. m. with temperature of 102 F., and pulse 108, and other signs all much better. From this time the convalescence was rapid and uneventful, but not remarkable as to rapidity.

The next day at my request Mrs. D. who had been entranced most of the preceding day, attempted to reproduce the phenomena, but in vain. Of an entrancement I witnessed at another case which I had thought must die, but which she successfully and remarkably rapidly treated, I might tell at another time.

I shall now endeavor to analyze this case so we can arrive at the inductive principles underlying the strange phenomena.

1st. Observe the personality of Mrs. D. A woman about 35 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighing about 130 pounds, in perfect health, with nothing neurotic in either personal or family history, but on the other hand of a notoriously robust family. Ordinarily educated, but not religiously in-

clined and knowing nothing of Spiritualism or of psychic phenomena. Had no knowledge of sickness or nursing, and had never shown any independence in assuming charge of any undertaking. She was, in short, an ordinary young housewife without confidence or experience.

2d. The personality of an Indian as nearly as appearances could indicate, aside from a direct claim made later to that effect by that supposed individual, the guttural jargon and the coarse, uncultured adult male voice, assuming entire and independent control over the case and the sick room, resisting any interferences with a well-defined intelligent purpose, and overruling all objections by the use of characteristic Indian language of signs and sounds.

Still more, this Indian personality gave evidence of the possession of a knowledge of the presence of some imperceptible evil power, as well as of the method of dealing with that power and of invoking the forces for good. (Moreover, this personality exhibits a certain masterful individuality linked with a clear cut, well-defined purpose strikingly evident in every act.)

3d. We have the patient—a young farmer of unusual intelligence, of a neurotic tendency, both personal and hereditary, in the midst of an organic sickness of ordinarily precise duration, but which had shown a remarkable resistance to usual therapeutic measures, with a decided tendency downward, until the time of a marked change dating from the effort of this ghost-like power, to whose well directed and unusual measures this malady seemed readily to yield, not, however, without a struggle, causing a return of the unseen power and a renewal of the weird therapeutics of this stolid son of some bygone generation.

What are the laws governing the relations between these characters of our drama? What causes furnished the motives to act their parts?

These questions may always remain unanswered, but in our attempt to throw some light upon the solution of this problem let us choose our view points upon the ground of two theories more or less familiar to all of us.

1st. The theory of suggestion, under the operation of which the soul, subliminal consciousness or subjective mind of an individual can be so controlled by a suggestion from some extraneous or inner source as to act in full compliance with the mandates of that suggestion, apparently in many instances actually transcending, at least recognized material law.

2d. The theory of disembodied spirit presence and intervention in accordance with which the spirit of a defunct individual in full consciousness of its personality and power is supposed to interpose a "helping hand" through the agency or mediumship of some susceptible person, other conditions also being favorable for spirit interposition. We will now endeavor to reconstruct our case; sympathetically grouping our facts about each one of these theories in turn.

Viewing it in the light of the theory of suggestion we have Mrs. D., owing to stress of circumstances, accepting a suggestion, in all probability an auto-suggestion, to heal her husband.

She acting upon this idea was so possessed by the one thought as to become entirely entranced and her attitude toward her husband was so suggestive of good and of healing power that he, catching a therapeutic intent, took the suggestion and was healed.

On the other hand, the Spiritualistic view seeks to disclose to our beclouded understanding the spirit of an Indian who, divining the favorable circumstances, took the opportunity to enter this mediumistic woman, assuming

control of her physique by the manipulation of which he derived power to dispel the evil influences depressing the vitality of the sick man, and to furnish the elements essential to a speedy restoration to health.

He gave her the suggestion which entranced and controlled her, directing from his own intelligence the expenditure of her forces physical and psychical, of which he thoroughly understood the therapeutic application.

Let us now examine the difficulties of each case, taking up first the suggestive hypothesis.

We find here a complex state of affairs. (a) A woman apparently under an auto-suggestion for a specific purpose, entirely in accord with the conditions that may have induced the trance and given the suggestion to heal the husband. (b) A woman acting at the same time the role of a disembodied male Indian spirit with a striking exhibition of intelligence and tenacity of purpose, coupled with the consciousness of a malevolent presence, over which power is asserted and against which action is directed, thus showing a knowledge of an occult pathology as well as an occult therapeutic method.

Evidently we are getting into difficulties that may not be easy to explain upon this hypothesis. One might conceive of the possibility of stress of circumstances embodied in the one desire to heal her husband, entrancing this woman and at the same time giving her a therapeutic suggestion. But why should this suggestion be along therapeutic lines, of which she knew little or nothing? Why should a desire to heal her husband that was of sufficient intensity to entrance and control her, also lead her into the digression of assuming an Indian's part? If because of a lurking subjective idea that Indian therapeutics was preferable why did she not carry out the traditional notion of "roots, herbs and incantations," instead of giving an exhibition of well directed effort to first drive something away from the sick man and then to manipulate the affected part? Again, marked improvement was noticed in yet greatly mystified by his wife's strange actions, and before he, at least objectively, grasped any therapeutic intent on her part?

Any attempt to explain this case upon this theory must answer these questions and others that limited time does not permit me to raise. While on the other hand, the Spiritualistic hypothesis renders the case somewhat clearer and more easy of solution, even under this same law of suggestion, for it immediately introduces a source from which a controlling suggestion or series of suggestions may proceed entirely in keeping, not only with all the demands of the law of suggestion, but also with the claims of the spiritualistic hypothesis and the direct appearances in this case, as well as a subsequent claim by apparently the same control that he is the spirit of an Indian.

I must state here that I am not a Spiritualist, so-called, and have never before thought of this case in the light in which I notice it has developed in the progress of my writing. I simply set out to thoroughly analyze it first, and then to reconstruct it in the light of that analysis, but I find myself placed in the attitude of strongly defending the Spiritualistic hypothesis. It is ever my aim to occupy a tentative position on all open questions in order that I may admit light from every source upon all sides, ever shying at dogma as the deadly enemy to all progress in the search of truth.

In conclusion, I desire to call attention to a similarity between this case and that of Lord Barney, as reported

in the March Suggestive Therapeutics.

It will be remembered that Lord Barney, when he came to the rescue, made motions as though driving the evil spirits into a corner, thence out of the room. The control of Mrs. D., whatever it was, made similar movements, upon which observation the presence of evil spirits might be argued, and if evil, why not also admit the occasional attendance of good spirits?

I have noticed a tendency by a sort of common consent for us to limit our study of telepathy, an underlying law of all these phenomena, to a sphere of incarnate spirits.

Telepathy is a soul function. If Hudson proves anything he proves this, and it is largely upon this and one or two other supposed soul functions that he would have us base our hopes of another life. And yet he strangely concludes that, although A and B have telepathed in the flesh, thus anticipating a mode of communication that rightly belongs to the other life, upon the death of one, communication ceases. And more astonishing still does this conclusion appear in the light of his own masterly effort to show that a high degree of telepathic communication can only be attained by those who are so able to rid themselves of the clog of the flesh that they can enter the trance state, and the more nearly that state is indistinguishable from the actual death, the more perfect the attendant telepathic phenomena.

Recent experiments with the X ray and with air in liquefaction and solidification tend to demonstrate the unstable character of what has been regarded hitherto as relatively fixed matter. These changes in material conditions and form depend on changes of environment apparently working through the law of vibration.

Matter with rapidly vibrating atoms becomes invisible and impalpable, endowed with the power of piercing matter with more slowly vibrating atoms, and in fact occupying the same place in space at the same time with apparent inconvenience to the existence and perpetuity in form and quality of neither.

I shall not take time to dwell upon the vast field for speculation thus opened up for consideration, but simply call attention to the trend of science in thus demonstrating to us a way of rendering at will, the visible, invisible, and the invisible visible; the palpable impalpable and the impalpable palpable. May I go on still further and say science has already begun to open the spiritual vision by showing how a knowledge of universal law enables us to endow spirit forms of matter with material qualities, and vice versa. Then may not our final conclusion lead to the view that all phenomena occur under one and the same set of laws, thus doing away with the idea of a division of law into natural law and spiritual law. Once having done away with this division of things into the natural and supernatural, will not a great barrier to rapid progress be removed when science no longer has an excuse for its failure to enter and investigate the now so-called supernatural?—Suggestive Therapeutics.

EVIDENTLY.

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"Say, you must have spent all your time in the stock yards."

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HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

Myself and companion attended a seance given by Dr. and Mrs. Wilcox at 1220 Sp. Garden St., Philadelphia. The manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. W. are truly wonderful—grand. Her hands are securely tied in front of her (myself tying them), yet a chair is hung on her arm and changed in every conceivable way—front, sideways, behind, overhead, etc. A coat (loaned by myself to medium) was put on Mrs. W., turned inside out, then one sleeve on one arm, then both sleeves on same arm, and so on.

Many spirit forms came for those present, coming direct from cabinet (which is a portable framework set up in the room and can be taken down in two minutes), and taking their friends back to cabinet and there conversing with them, even as long as three minutes. Spirits came among audience distributing flowers, others drawing chairs to center of room and seating themselves thereon, meanwhile arranging their attire; another with an accordion playing a variety of tunes.

As many as three forms would appear at once and the writer had the pleasure (as did some others present) of being taken into the cabinet by his spirit sister Josephine (who passed over in 1880), where he saw two other spirit forms and laid his hand on the medium at the same time.

The spirit form of N. Leon Boeckel, who passed over from Philadelphia on May 2 and was buried on the 7th inst. was among the first who came and greeted us, and looked just as he did in the casket. Mr. Boeckel, who had a long spell of sickness, was one of the best physical mediums Philadelphia ever had. He was honest, earnest, patient and forgiving, and when the time came he was ready to go hence.

There is no need of going any further into details, as Mrs. Wilcox is well known to the spiritual fraternity as a genuine, honest medium. They will remain in Philadelphia until June, when they will leave for New York city, and will be at Cassadaga during the season, and from there they will gradually work their way to their home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Dr. Wilcox is very careful as to whom he admits to the seance room, and none but friends, or those endorsed by friends, can gain admittance, so that Mrs. W. and her audiences need fear no raids nor outrages from those of the Megargee tribe or brand.

The greatest care and attention is given to Mrs. W., as should be given every medium or sensitive.

Perfect harmony pervades this household. Love is the reigning goddess. No jealousy or slander of other mediums is ever entertained, and a sensitive person will at once feel at home with them.

Love and harmony should be cultivated in our homes, in our seance rooms, in our halls, everywhere, and thereby we will rise to greater perfection, greater happiness and greater spiritual development than if we continue to harbor jealousies and hatreds against other people who have as much right on earth as we have.

Every materializing medium, every speaker, every test medium, every sensitive—no matter how humble their phase of mediumship, is needed here.

The spirit world needs them for their glorious work, the children of earth need them as mediators, and they are all links in the grand universal chain. There is room for all. Let us have love and harmony among mediums and among all of the faith.

EMANUEL M. JONES.

Camden, N. J.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone are in Galveston, Tex.

Lyman C. Howe speaks at the annual picnic at Lily Dale, June 9, 10 and 11.

Miss Margaret Gaule will be at Cassadaga Lake the first two weeks in August.

Mrs. Maggie Waite will be the message medium at Cassadaga Lake from July 14 to 30.

George H. Brooks will preside as chairman at Cassadaga Lake camp meeting the forthcoming season.

Walrond's Spiritualistic services every Sunday and Wednesday evening at Denver, Colo., are growing in interest.

The Brockway family are still in Denver and are doing good work. John Slater, from California, has also drawn large audiences with his superior powers.

C. M. and Josie K. Folsom desire engagements with societies in Ohio and Indiana for the season of 1899-1900, as speaker and message mediums. Address 1134 Robberson avenue, Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Maggie Waite closed her meetings in Detroit last week, receiving an ovation in the form of a vote of thanks. June 11 she will be in Jackson, Mich., on the 19th at Lake Cora, Mich., August at Clinton, Iowa. Her address is 278 Merrick avenue, Detroit, Mich.

To complete files I wish to get the following number of Light of Truth: July 7 and 28, August 4, 18 and 25, Sept. 1 and 8, all in 1894. Persons having any or all of them please communicate with me, stating price. William Emmette Coleman, 224 Phelan building, San Francisco, Cal.

The fifth annual assembly of the Grand Ledge Spiritualist Camp association will be held at Riverside Park, Grand Ledge, Mich., beginning July 21 and closing Aug. 20, inclusive. The city of Grand Ledge, a well known summer resort, is 12 miles west of the capital city, Lansing; 98 miles northwest of Detroit and 5.2 miles southeast of Grand Rapids, on the Detroit, Grand Rapids and Western railroad.

Having been and still being denied the privilege of holding meetings in the Soldiers' Home, the members of the Marion, Ind., home have rented the G. A. R. hall of Marion, Ind., and under the name of "The Veterans' Progressive Thought association," with H. A. Pugh as manager. For the first Sunday in June they had Mrs. Dr. Hilligoss, and propose to have able lecturers and mediums, with good music, for the elevation of the old soldiers.

The Illinois State Spiritualist association has made elaborate arrangements for the holding of its monthly meetings (the first Wednesday evening of each month) by renting the large and commodious room at the head of the first flight of stairs (room 209) in the Atheneum building, 26 Van Buren street, Chicago, where, after the work of the association, there will be lectures, tests and spirit messages from good speakers and mediums. Admission free, and all are invited. The next meeting will be held June 7th at 8 p. m.

Mrs. Josie Folsom closed a two months' engagement with the First Spiritualist church of Columbus on Sunday, May 28. A small but appre-

ciative audience was present to hear the closing address. The society has secured the services of the Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt of Chicago, Ill., for the month of June. The newly elected board for the ensuing year is composed of the following persons: President, Mrs. Ida A. Carr; vice, Mr. R. M. Davis; secretary, Stephen Carding; treasurer, W. F. Semler; trustee, Hugh L. Williams.—Cor.

Geo. W. Walrond was subpoenaed in a Denver murder case, the criminal having consulted him prior to the murder. There was an attempt to prove the prisoner insane because he went to an astrologer. Judge Allen in his address to the jury made the following comment: "The fact that he went to an astrologer does not warrant an inference that he was insane. It shows on the contrary that he was sane. I will not say that I believe in astrology, neither will I say that I do not believe in it. Astrology is a science and if all who consulted astrologers were declared insane, the asylums of the earth would not hold a hundredth part of them." The prisoner was convicted.

July 29th the 22d annual camp meeting of the Lake Sunapee Spiritualist Camp Meeting association will open at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., and close Aug. 26. Among the talent engaged are Dr. J. M. Peebles, Mrs. C. Fanny Allyn, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dr. Daniel G. White, Mrs. E. I. Webster, Mrs. S. C. Cunningham and others. Vocal music will be under the direction of Miss Elsie R. Parker and Miss Cora J. Robinson of Brattleboro, Vt. A full and efficient orchestra will be present during the entire season. The Ladies' Aid society will hold their annual fair about Aug. 16th. Lake Sunapee is situated on the Concord and Claremont branch of the B. & M. R. R., 20 miles from Claremont Junction and 34 miles from Concord. The lake is 10 miles in length and from 1 to 3 in width, and abounds with bass, salmon, pickerel and trout. The location of the camp ground is on the eastern shore and about half way up the lake, and at its widest point. The settlement consists of 100 cottages, a dancing pavilion, auditorium, photograph gallery, bowling alley, postoffice, store and the "Forest House" hotel, owned and run by Geo. W. Blodgett.

The meeting held at the Spiritualists' and Mediums' Home, 3311½ Rhodes avenue, Chicago, Sunday, 10:45 p. m., May 28, was largely attended.

Mrs. L. M. Trudelle lead the meeting, followed by Mrs. May Langdon, who gave some 25 psychometric readings from articles placed on a chair.

Others also expressed the knowledge they possessed of the spirit return, among them Dr. Charles Howell, formerly of Grand Rapids, Mich.

Our Home is a place where Spiritualists can come from surrounding cities and receive truly the "bread" of life.

Two gentlemen from Farmer City can testify to this, as they were present. Our Home is extended to all, its sheltering roof shall yet cover a multitude and it shall be as the "loaves and fishes"—plenty for all and a goodly supply left. Brothers and sisters, do not be afraid to come, for when the ample room that we now have is exhausted we can procure larger quarters; and we want Spiritualists to enjoy our pleasant home accommodations at actual cost and therefore our society is strictly co-operative.

We are also glad to say that many donations of household goods are coming in, for which we thank the generous public.

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Will Hazelrigg tell us at just what date Taurus recessed, and Arjes became the rising sign, and also when, at what date, Pisces became the rising sign?

ARIEL.

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Nearly every newspaper in Paris is organizing a big motor power race of some sort.

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In certain streets in Paris a goodly number of motor vehicles are always in sight—during the busy hours several a minute passing a given point.

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DENIES THE SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

Editor Light of Truth: My attention has been called to a statement in an article by Moses Hull, on "Psychic Experiences," in which he refers to myself and says, "She left me for a better man."

The friend who called my attention to the statement asked if I would allow it to go uncorrected, and if I did not correct it they would, for they would not allow me to be so misrepresented.

I do not believe Moses intended that statement to be understood literally, for it is misleading. The cause of our separation was not a man or woman or set of men or women. It was the result of causes over which we had no control, physiological causes, if I may use the term. We thought we were exemplifying a great truth, in natural law. We did not allow our love or affections to dictate in the matter. We were convinced we were not intended for conjugal mates. Moses would not take the initiative, so it was left for me. What we suffered in our determination to be true to principle can be ascertained by others who live up to the same idea as truly as we did. I went east and was not married for almost 12 years after the separation. I think had it been "another man" I was after I would have been discouraged waiting for him, be he ever so good.

No, Moses only intended that as a little pleasantry, and I am sorry my friends feel hurt over it, and hope there are none among the readers of the article in question who will think Moses intended to cast any slur upon my good name nor underrate the good intentions that prompted me at the time. Moses and Mattie are among my dearest and best friends. Respectfully,
ELVIRA L. HULL ALLEN.

A VISION.

To the Editor: I wish to inform the readers of the L. of T. of something of my own experience. A few days ago while resting, all at once I became very passive, and presently I became unconscious of physical objects, but I could see, and if the spirit world is as beautiful as I saw that to be it certainly will discount this. Earthly scenery is very coarse compared to the beauties there. It was more beautiful than one can imagine. The people, yes, real people, were there, and their symmetry and beauty can not be expressed in words. I could see as clear as I can earthly objects.

But the most interesting sight of all was a man dying. I saw him struggling in the throes of death and his head and shoulders were enveloped in a thick mist, and then I saw what looked like a cord projecting above his head, and on looking at the cord I saw attached to the upper extremity something resembling a small balloon, which was waving to and fro as if striving to get loose. Then the cord broke and the upper part shriveled up. By this time the balloon-shaped mass assumed the form of the dying man, and I said to those by, "Why, that is not the man that was dying, is it?" And they said, "Yes, that is the same man you saw dying."

He appeared much younger and of such symmetrical form that I could hardly believe it.

Now what I would like to know is, whether anybody else has ever had a similar experience. If so what can it be, a truth, or dream, or hallucination?
MRS. DR. TOMAN.

Dayton, O.

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OBITUARY.

Passed to spirit life, May 13, from the home of B. J. and Mattie E. Hayden, Indianapolis, Ind., Esther Dille, aged 82 years.

On Saturday, April 22, 1899, H. W. Barnum, in the 89th year of his age, at Osgood, Iowa. Mr. Barnum was a blacksmith, and died from injuries received on Thursday. He leaves a wife and four small children. For the past five years he was a firm believer in the philosophy of Spiritualism.

Passed to the higher life, from Ukiah, Cal., May 21, 1899, Elvira Luffkin Sloan, aged 59 years, 8 months and 10 days. Our arisen sister was a native of Phillips, Franklin county, Me. For thirteen years she has been an earnest Spiritualist and experienced much comfort in our beautiful spiritual philosophy. She was a sensitive and often felt the presence of her beloved spirit daughter, Elsie, and other angel friends. A faithful wife, a loving mother and a devoted friend. The remains were laid away at Hartly Cemetery, Lakeport, Cal., the writer attending at the grave.
JAMES H. PRICE.

It is important to establish as a principle the fact that the movements made by man, his animal heat, the circulation of his blood and nervous fluid, the vibrations of his cerebral tissues, etc., are by no means properties of the matter out of which he is made, but an emanation of the Universal Energy which manifests itself, according to his mode of life, by means of matter that has been agencied in a particular way to further that end. The subject has been mistaken for the object, as the sun was once mistaken for a satellite, a mere luminary of the earth. Hence it would be more accurate to say that matter is a property of Energy, than to advance the contrary. — Paul Gibier, M. D.

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Meanwhile, in the dressing room adjoining, Chris sat listening to the lively chatter with a sudden dread numbing her heart. Her head had been so full of mental philosophy, literature and essays that she had forgotten she was to graduate in a dress, and now—silk and India mull! Poor Chris might as well expect a piece of the blue sky as any of these. It had been such a happy life to study the dear books and feel that every day was bringing nearer the time, when, as a teacher, she could help the patient, hard working father and mother, and give the little ones a chance in the world. She had known that they were poor and her classmates rich, but that never troubled her sunny nature before.

The little plain house in a poor street was reached at last, and Chris went in to find the busy mother with hands and lap full of mending and foot outstretched for baby to stand by. He crowed and shouted his delight at sight of his sister, and Chris took him up and went to the window. "Mother," she said, after awhile, "what am I going to wear to graduate in?"

The mother sighed. She had thought of that a great deal.

"I don't know, daughter," she said, at last. "I did hope to get you a neat white, but times are so hard and father's wages are lowered, and you have outgrown everything."

"Yes," said Chris; "what can it be then?"

"I don't see how it can be anything more than a light calico."

"A calico. O mother!"

"Yes, dear, I know."

"But the others have silk and mull and crepe."

"You know, Chris, mother would if she could," and the voice trembled.

"Yes, mother, never mind; it'll be all right, I guess."

When she went up to bed, and Liz and Cora were sound asleep, the poor child sat down by the window to think it out. But the great tears welled up, and finally the head sank on the window seat and the aching heart said all the time, "It is very hard, very hard!" and the tears rolled faster and faster. After a long time, as it seemed to Chris, she heard some one calling very softly, "Chris! Chris!"

"Who is it?" asked Chris, wondering.

"I was sent to bring you a dress," replied the visitor, "to wear on your great school day. It is only a very common one now, but it depends upon yourself to make it as beautiful as you will. Here is a little sprig of a plant called Heartsease, and if you wear it with the dress it will be lovely in every eye. Will you wear it?"

And Chris said, "Yes," for the fragrance was very sweet. And as she

and her mother worked upon the simple dress, it seemed to grow more beautiful every day, until the time for wearing it came.

"O Chris, how splendid!" the girls cried, and Con Livingston, in her dainty dress, gathered Chris in her arms and kissed her again and again, saying, "You are just the sweetest fairy that was ever seen on this platform," until the tears filled Chris' eyes, she was so full of joy, and with a great sob she started up to find herself in the little low chamber with sloping ceiling, the vision and the dress disappeared, and only the memory of the bright dream left. But, looking out to the silent moon and the still night, Chris sat and thought, until the wonderful plant stole into her soul, and she prayed that however plain the dress she must wear in earthly eyes, that the little plant of her vision might ever abide with her.

But Chris was not forgotten by her classmates. While she was reading her essay one night to the professor, Con Livingston called a secret session of the seniors in the dressing room.

"Girls," said Con, "I've found out something splendid to do. Do you know Chris has got to graduate in a calico. Our sewing girl knows them, and has seen it. She says it is just as sweet as a calico can be, but Chris felt dreadful about it at first, of course, and then she gave it all up."

"Now you all know Chris is just as good as she can be, and has got a splendid essay, Miss Markham says so; and now let's each one engage one or two friends to throw her bouquets, so she'll be sure to have as many as anyone, will you agree?"

The girls promised in chorus. "And let's get her a fan," said one; a pretty plain white one. She'll be so pleased."

So that was settled, and every listening mouse kept the surprise from Chris.

The great day came at last. They were all there when Chris opened the door of the recitation room.

"Here she is, girls!" exclaimed Connie, catching sight of the figure in the door. "How late you are, but come here, please. Come, Fan."

"Please accept this, Chris, from your classmates," said Fan, gently. "We all wanted you to remember us," and they all eagerly watched the little blushing face, with smiles and tears chasing over it, as she unfolded her gift, and were more than thanked. Then they all went down together and took their seats on the platform. Chris was so happy that when her name was called, the seventh on the list, she had no thought of fear; but her sweet, clear tones rendered the essay full of feeling. It was a tender, pathetic thing, and many hearts were touched by its simple words, but when it was finished, and Chris turned to go, there was a perfect storm of applause, led by Judge Livingston, and the bouquets came thick and fast.

Chris sat down with her lap full in a perfect maze, and every one of her classmates found occasion for the handkerchiefs they had provided only for ornament.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Rosa Bonheur, the artist, died on the 25th ult., at her home, Fontainebleau, France, advanced in age.

The president will make a call for more troops to shoot civilization into the Filipinos.

Edward Atkinson has decided to start and edit a publication, The Anti-Imperialist, which will represent his ideas.

Howard Kratz leaped from the Brooklyn bridge into the East river and came out without a scratch. He was picked up by a steamer while he was swimming ashore.

Big rain and hail storms in Iowa and South Dakota did much damage, a land slide at Waterloo caused a wreck on the Burlington road, nine persons killed and 20 wounded.

The president of the civil chamber of the court of cassation, the supreme court of France, has reported in favor of a revision of the Dreyfus case and recommended a new court-martial.

The servant girls of Brooklyn, N. Y., have decided to better their condition by organizing, and have succeeded in raising their wages and forcing their employers to recognize rules and regulations governing their work.

Warrants were issued at Harrisburg, Pa., for the arrest of a choice lot of senators and representatives charged with perjury and corruption in connection with the recent Quay contest for United States senator.

From information gathered by over 600 correspondents scattered throughout Nebraska, Iowa, Northern Kansas, Northern Missouri and Northeastern Colorado, the indications are that winter wheat has suffered from winter kill to the extent of at least one-half the yield.

The Presbyterian General Assembly at Minneapolis, Minn., had several hot sessions over the case of the Rev. Dr. Arthur C. McGiffert, of the New York presbytery, who is accused of heresy. After whirling compliments at one another for a while the delegates referred the case back to the New York brethren for action.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

To those interested in the much-mooted phase of mediumship—"independent slate writing,"—so-called, the work of Fred P. Evans on Psychography will prove invaluable. It is a remarkable book. It contains the life and experiences of Mr. Evans—we may say thrilling and strange because true. Fiction writers would envy the facts therein related. Mr. Evans is yet young, having been born in 1862, and for this prosaic age has undergone as much as Captain Maryatt's sailors; for a mariner he was before mediumship led him out of his course. His slate-writings are truly marvelous, and this book contains illustrations of the phenomena—one slate having messages in twelve languages on it, while the medium is conversant with one. This book should have a wide circulation, as it is calculated to become a standard testimony in favor of Spiritualism.

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They say the world is round, and yet
I often think it square,
So many little hurts we get
From corners here and there.
But one great truth in life I've found,
While journeying to the west—
The only folks who really wound
Are those we love the best.

The man you thoroughly despise
Can rouse your wrath, 'tis true,
Annoyance in your heart will rise
At things mere strangers do.
But those are only passing ills,
This rule all lives will prove—
The rankling wound which aches and thrills
Is dealt by hands we love.

The choicest garb, the sweetest grace,
Are oft to strangers shown.
The careless mien, the frowning face,
Are given to your own.
We flatter those we scarcely know,
We please the fleeting guest,
And deal full many a thoughtless blow
To those who love us best.

Love does not grow on every tree
Nor true hearts yearly bloom.
Alas for those who only see
This cut across the tomb!
But soon or late, the fact grows plain
To all through sorrow's test—
The only folks who give us pain
Are those we love the best.

GOOD-NIGHT.

I.

Good-night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the afterglow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And prowling sniffs the telltale air;
The frogs croak louder in the dike,
And all the trees seem dark alike.
The bee is droning in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home;
Good-night!

II.

Good-night! The hawk is in his nest,
And the last rook hath dropped to rest;
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
No rustle in the meadow sweet;
The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,
Sweetens the loneliness of night;
The Sister Stars, that once were seven,
Mourn for their missing mate in heaven;
The poppy's fair, frail petals close,
The lily yet more languid grows,
And dew-dreaming droops the rose;
Good-night! —Alfred Austin.

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